

LESSONS

IN

LITERATURE

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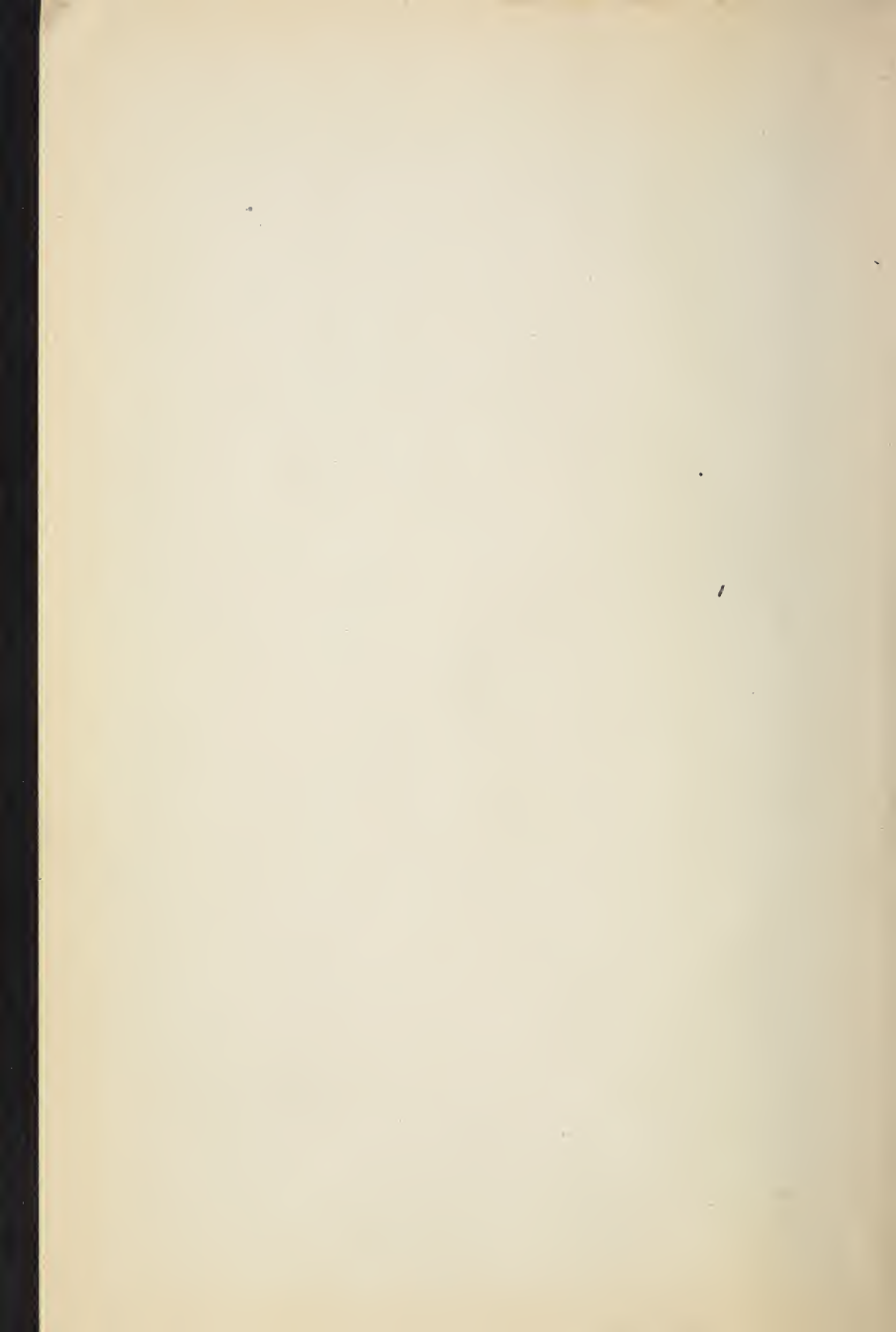
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# LESSONS IN LITERATURE

ABRIDGED

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE SELECTIONS

A TEXT-BOOK FOR SCHOOLS  
AND ACADEMIES

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W A N T

W A N T

## PREFACE.

E.W.F. g. 15-11.  
The main object of the compiler of this work was to embody in a volume of convenient size, material to assist the student in making profitable use of the time allotted to the study of literature. It is a fact acknowledged by only too many earnest teachers that much valuable time is wasted in learning biographies where the avowed intention is that of studying literature.

This work is not intended to be a universal history of English literature; it is merely a text-book to assist in imparting both knowledge and culture,—knowledge by its historic facts, culture by its illustrative material, which it is hoped will open the gate and set the student on the way to those delights of literary study found only in retirement.

An attempt to learn about too many writers is unsatisfactory in its results, but an acquaintance with certain English authors is imperatively demanded of those readers who would aspire to the title of English scholars. While we have endeavored to give prominence to those who have illustrated in prose or in verse the great tongue which is fast gaining supremacy among the languages of the world, the needs of Catholic students have been considered, and it is with pride and with pleasure that we note the growing prominence of able Catholic writers.

In preparing this work, the plan as first conceived was that it should bear the test of actual use in the class-room, and that it should be held subject to revision before being presented to the public. Having been thus used with

interest and profit by the compiler, it is offered to other teachers with the hope that they too may find it useful.

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#### PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Through the destruction of the electrotype plates, used in printing earlier editions, and the demand for a condensed edition at a lower price, we have brought out this abridged edition; materially reducing the length of the illustrative selections, as from the great number of complete editions of the choice selections from leading authors there seems a lesser need from the long abstracts found in the first editions.

Teachers are recommended to send for the Lakeside Classics series, now consisting of 93 numbers, a full list of which will be sent upon application.

AINSWORTH & COMPANY.

# LESSONS IN LITERATURE.

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## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

“Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know  
Are a substantial world both pure and good;  
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastimes and our happiness will grow.”—Wordsworth.

The elementary study of literature consists in reading the works of worthy writers; it is far more than a catalogue of names and dates. Some information about the author and the composition of the work to be read, and about its fame and merits is a natural introduction. Thorough study should be given to masterpieces of literature — literature by eminence, and especially to the best passages in these masterpieces. These express in happy speech what the great and good have thought and felt and done. By careful study of their works, we can repeat in ourselves their thoughts and feelings, their hopes, their aspirations, ideals and resolves.

Before beginning this study, let the class review English prosody, becoming familiar with the various kinds of metrical feet, with the Chaucerian and Spenserian stanzas, and the sonnet. Let word study come first, thus exacting a clear comprehension of the text, next take clause by clause to make clear the train of thought. Such is the primary study of literature, re-thinking its great thoughts.

The biographical and descriptive portion of this work will be found to be brief; but to write of one great luminary, of Newman for instance, as the subject deserves, would require more than one volume and a lifetime. The compiler aims rather at suggesting, at inspiring desires that may lead young minds to do great deeds, deeds to be felt in their own lives, and that may both here and hereafter make the doers of them loved of God and of man.

Encourage in your pupils a taste for good reading, and teach them that reading is not merely the gathering of a stock of ideas — it is the gathering of material which the mind should work into thought. “This is the point wherein great readers are apt to be mistaken. Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge, it is thinking makes them ours; without this, what we read is but so much loose matter floating in the brain.” The mind should be early trained to this task of thinking while we are reading. At first the task is not easy, but exercise will give facility, and only those who have acquired it have the true key to books and the clue to lead them through the maze of opinions to certainty and truth.

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# A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE POETS- LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

## THE VOLUNTEER LAUREATES.

(Not Officially Appointed.)

Geoffrey Chaucer.....	1368 to 1400
Sir John Gower.....	1400 to 1402
Henry Scogan.....	—
John Kay.....	—
Andrew Bernard.....	1486 to —
John Skelton.....	1489 to —
Robert Whittington.....	1512 to —
Richard Edwards.....	1561 to —
Edmund Spenser.....	1590 to —
Samuel Daniel.....	1598 to —

## THE POETS LAUREATE.

(By Royal Appointment.)

Letters-patent to this office were first granted in 1630, the salary being £100 and 40 gallons of canary per annum. The holder of the office was required to compose a birthday ode for the king or celebrate in verse some national victory. Later on, in the time of Southey, the wine was commuted by a money payment and the birthday ode abandoned. The office is now a sinecure.

Samuel Daniel.....	Not formally appointed
Ben Jonson.....	Laureate from 1630 to 1637
Sir William Davenant.....	“ “ 1637 to 1668
John Dryden.....	“ “ 1668 to 1688
Thomas Shadwell.....	“ “ 1688 to 1692
Nahum Tate.....	“ “ 1692 to 1715
Nicholas Rowe.....	“ “ 1715 to 1718
Laurence Eusden.....	“ “ 1718 to 1730
Colley Cibber.....	“ “ 1730 to 1757
William Whitehead.....	“ “ 1757 to 1788
Thomas Warton.....	“ “ 1788 to 1790
Henry James Pye.....	“ “ 1790 to 1813
Robert Southey.....	“ “ 1813 to 1843
William Wordsworth.....	“ “ 1843 to 1850
Alfred, Lord Tennyson.....	“ “ 1850 to 1892
Alfred Austin.....	“ “ 1895 to —



# ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

**Anglo-Saxon Works.** — The earliest specimens of English literature are two Anglo-Saxon poems, written probably in the tenth century. One of these, the ballad-epic “Beowulf,” is the most ancient and the most interesting of the old English poems, presenting, as it does, characters instinct with chivalry and generosity. The author’s name is unknown, but the manuscript still kept in the British Museum is undoubtedly the work of a monk. It is written continuously in Danish characters, resembling our manuscript of prose. The poem contains more than six thousand lines, and the scene of its action indicates that it was composed by Saxons who lived before the invasion of England. Beowulf was a hero, somewhat like Theseus among the Greeks.

Rude as the poetry is, its hero is grand; and he is so simply by his deeds of chivalry and generosity. The poem is supposed to be allegorical, the monster being a poisonous exhalation from the marshes. Should this supposition be a correct one, this old poem shows the fondness of our ancestors for allegorical expression.

**Caedmon’s Paraphrase.** — The other poem is the epic called Caedmon’s Paraphrase of the Scriptures. It was written about two centuries after the Angles and Saxons began their invasion of England. An interesting legend is connected with this work. Caedmon had learned nothing of the art of verse, the alliterative jingle

so common among his fellows; wherefore, being sometimes at feasts, when all agreed to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board and went homeward. Once when he had done this, and had gone from the feast to the stable where he had that night charge of the cattle, there appeared to him in his restless sleep one who bade him sing. "I can't sing," said Caedmon. "I came out hither from the feast because I could not sing." The stranger said, "But you must sing to me." "What must I sing?" said Caedmon; and the voice replied, "Sing the origin of creatures." An inspiration came to the peasant, and the words of his song lingered in his memory when he awoke. Visiting the monastery of Whitby in Northumbria, soon after this, his new endowment was recognized as a gift from heaven, and at his earnest solicitation he was received as a member of the religious order established there.

He has been styled the Anglo-Saxon Milton because he sang of Lucifer and of Paradise Lost. Bede tells us that no other religious poet could compare with Caedmon, for "he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God." It has been supposed that this great poet of the Anglo-Saxons suggested to Milton the subject of his renowned epic. Both describe wicked angels, their expulsion from heaven, their descent into hell, and the creation of the world. There are many passages in which the epic poet of the seventeenth century has thoughts closely resembling those written by the monk of the seventh century.

Among the other Anglo-Saxon writers of this early time, Venerable Bede and King Alfred the Great deserve special mention.

**The Venerable Bede (663-735).**— This famous personage tells us that when but seven years of age he was placed under the care of the Abbot Benedict, in the Abbey of Wearmouth. Some years later the Abbey of Jarrow was founded, and Bede went thither. The rest of his biography is contained in the following passage, translated from one of his works :

“ Spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture, and in the interval between the hours of regular discipline and the duties of singing in the church, I have always taken pleasure in learning, or teaching, or writing something. In the nineteenth year of my age I received deacon’s orders; in the thirtieth those of the priesthood, from which time till the fifty-ninth year of my age I have made it my business, for the use of me and mine, to compile out of the works of the venerable fathers and to interpret and explain according to their meaning, these following pieces.”

His writings form almost an encyclopedia of the knowledge of his day. He compiled text-books on mathematics, astronomy, grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, music, and medicine. But it is by one work that he has made the English nation a lasting debtor to him. His “ Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons,” written in Latin, was for centuries the only source of knowledge in matters relating to the nation’s early career.

**Alfred the Great (849-90).**— One of the extraordinary men of this time was King Alfred, who, in 871, succeeded his brother Ethelred I. on the throne of England. His keen desire for learning was early awakened by his pious mother, Osburga, who offered a beautifully decorated Saxon poem to the first of her children who should be able to read it. Alfred was the youngest child, but by diligent study he won the prize offered by the queen.

No sooner had he freed his people from the bondage of the Danes, than he attempted to free them from the fetters of ignorance. At this time illiteracy was almost universal, but, in various quarters, King Alfred sought out learned men, and inviting them to his court he opened schools for the instruction of his subjects. The king frequently lamented that Saxon literature contained no books of science, and to supply the deficiency, he himself undertook the task of translating them. He was nearly forty years of age when he began the study of Latin, yet he translated many valuable works into his native tongue. The patronage and example of the king must have induced the writing of many works, but few of them have escaped the relentless hand of time.

Among the most important of his translations are Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Cares," the "Soliloquies" of St. Augustine and the "Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius.

**Geoffrey of Monmouth** (——.1154). — Among the later writers, Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh Bishop, deserves mention. He is the author of a well-known "History of the Britons." Historically it is of little value, but it has proved to be a mine of literary wealth to subsequent writers. The fiction of Sabrina, as given by Geoffrey, becomes "the virgin daughter of Lochrine" in Milton's "Comus." The story of Lear, king of Britain about 753 B. C., is expanded into Shakespeare's magnificent tragedy of that name. The history of Gorboduc, called Gorbogudo by Geoffrey, gave to Sackville the material for our first English tragedy. As a crowning feat, Geoffrey rescued from oblivion the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Drayton reproduces much of this in his "Polyolbion;" Spenser drew largely from it

in his "Faery Queene," and Tennyson has added much to his reputation by putting it into modern verse.

**Norman Rule in England (1066).**—When Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, fell pierced by an arrow on the battle-field of Senlac or Hastings, the voice of the British nation seemed stilled forever. William the Conqueror brought Englishmen under Norman rule. The most important changes resulting from the conquest were the establishment of the feudal tenure of land in England, the introduction of the chivalric spirit, and the separation of society into two classes — a foreign nobility and a discontented people. The Saxon thane, the friend and companion of his humble fellows, was superseded by the arrogant and oppressing Norman baron.

No sooner had William the Conqueror secured the throne of England than he began the work of extirpating the Saxon language. This he did by ordering that the elements of grammar should be taught in the French language; and that all deeds, pleadings in court and laws should be written in French. Saxon then fell into contempt, and those of the old race who were more politic than patriotic set to work vigorously to acquire the favorite tongue of the nobility and higher classes. Those who had some pretensions to education took pride in speaking "the Frensche of Paris." Still the mother-tongue could not be trampled out, and an idiom sprang up called the Semi-Saxon. This differed in many respects from the old Saxon, but it was not as yet sufficiently complete to constitute a new language. Hallam says: "Nothing can be more difficult than to determine, except by an arbitrary line, the commencement of the English language. For when we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon

of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate language rather than a modification of the former."

This was the age that beheld the foundation of the great universities, when the study of philosophy and theology excited universal enthusiasm. We are told that in 1231 the number of students at Oxford, together with their attendants, amounted to thirty thousand. The English monasteries, too, were so many centers of study and learning. But, in both the universities and the monasteries, Latin was still the chief medium of imparting and transmitting knowledge.

The literary productions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries in England are mainly the works of ecclesiastics. Among these may be mentioned Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Anselm, the successor of Lanfranc; Layamon, a priest of Worcestershire; and Wace, an Anglo-Norman priest and poet. An alien language and literature ruled in the land, and the result upon Anglo-Saxon literature was inevitable. It had entirely disappeared before the accession of Edward III.

**Roger Bacon (1214-1294).** — This English monk of the Franciscan Order propounded most enlightened views upon the value of experimental philosophy, but so far was he in advance of his age that his scientific researches found no imitators. His descriptions of the nature and effects of convex and concave lenses led the way to the discovery of spectacles, telescopes and microscopes. He is also credited with the invention of the air-pump, the camera-obscura, the diving-bell and gunpowder.

Bacon wrote in Latin, and of his "*Opus Majus*" the critic Whewell says: "It is at once the encyclopedia and the *Novum Organum* of the thirteenth century."



## RHYMING CHRONICLERS.

The Rhyming Chroniclers are so called because they professed to give in rhyming metre a record of history. One of the earliest of these writers was Layamon, a priest of Worcestershire, who produced, at the close of the twelfth century, a history called "Brutus of England." This work is known as "The Brut of Layamon."

About 1290, a history of England from Brutus to the death of Henry III., was written by Robert, a monk of Gloucester Abbey. By many this work is regarded as marking a new era in our language.

The last and most voluminous production of this period is a rhymed history of England usually known as the Chronicle of Robert Mannyng, a monk of Brunne, in Lincolnshire.

However interesting Caedmon, Bede, Alfred the Great, Geoffrey and the Rhyming Chroniclers may be to the philologist, they are comparatively unimportant to the student of English literature, for theirs is a dead language, not the English that has existed since Chaucer gave us his "Canterbury Tales." "The earliest truly English writers borrowed neither imagery, nor thought, nor plan, seldom even form from older native models; hence, Anglo-Saxon literature, so far from being the mother, was not even the nurse of the infant genius which opened its eyes to the sun of England five centuries ago."

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY ENGLISH PERIOD (1350-1558).

The early part of this period is memorable in history on account of the military glories of Edward III. and his noble son, the heroic Black Prince. The gradual blending of the Saxon and the Norman elements had established a national sentiment and thus secured the supremacy of England. In order to appreciate more fully the literary character of the period, the student must bear in mind some facts regarding the customs of the people. At this period of English history and for many years later, the home of a prosperous man consisted generally of a large wooden building (the hall), surrounded by several detached cabins (the bowers) situated in ample space, inclosed by an earthwork and a ditch, with a strong gate (the burh-gate) for entrance. The hall was the general resort of the numerous household. It was hung with cloth or embroidered tapestries, and had hooks for arms, armor, musical instruments, etc. The floor was of clay, or, in palaces, of tile mosaic. Its chief furniture was benches, which served as seats by day and for beds at night. A sack of straw and a straw pillow, with sheet, coverlet and goatskin, laid on a bench or on the floor, furnished a sufficient couch for even a royal Saxon. A stool or chair, covered with a rug or cushion, marked the master's place. The table was a long board laid upon trestles, and put aside when not in use. A hole in the roof gave outlet to the clouds of smoke from the open fire on the floor. The bowers furnished private sitting and



bed rooms for the ladies of the house, the master and distinguished guests. Here the Anglo-Saxon dames carded, spun and wove, and wrought the gold embroideries that made their needlework famous throughout Europe. The straw bed lay on a couch in a curtained recess, and the furniture was scanty, for in those times nothing which could not be easily hidden was safe from plunderers. The little windows (called eye-holes) were closed by a wooden lattice, thin horn or linen, for glass windows were as yet scarce known. A rude candle stuck upon a spike was used at night. The women were fond of flowers and gardens. At the great feasts they passed the ale and mead, and distributed gifts — the spoils of victory — to the warrior guests. The master was called the hlaf-ord (loaf-owner), and the mistress hlaf-dig (loaf-distributor); hence the modern words lord and lady. The domestics and retainers were called loaf-eaters.

The Norman introduced new modes of thought and life. More cleanly and delicate in personal habits, more elaborate in tastes, more courtly and ceremonious in manner, fresh from a province where learning had just revived and which was noted for its artistic architecture, and coming to a land that for a century had been nearly barren of literature and whose buildings had little grace or beauty, the Norman added culture and refinement to the Anglo-Saxon strength and sturdiness. Daring and resolute in attack, steady in discipline, skillful in exacting submission, fond of outside splendor, proud of military power and appreciative of thought and learning, it is to him that England owes the builder, the knight, the schoolman, the statesman.

**Geoffrey Chaucer (1328-1400).**

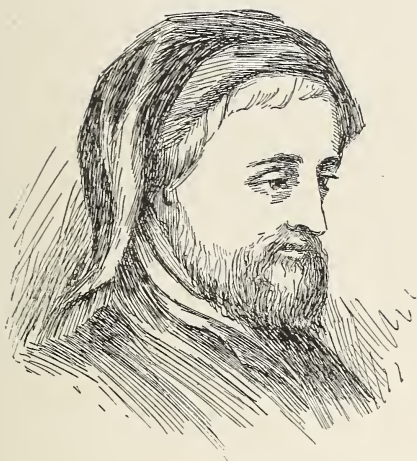
"I take increasing delight in Chaucer. How exquisitely tender he is, yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping."—S. T. Coleridge.

Geoffrey Chaucer, "the Father of English poetry," "the morning-star of song," was a man of mark; inventive though a disciple, original though a translator, and, by his genius, education and life, enabled to know and depict a whole world. It is supposed that Chaucer was born in London, but of his parentage nothing is known. That he was educated at a university may be held as certain, but whether at Oxford or at Cambridge is not so clear. A passage in the "Court of Love"—

"Philogenet I called am ferre and nere  
Of Cambridge clerk,"

seems to tell in favor of Cambridge. On the other hand, it is known that his most intimate friends and disciples, Gower, Strode and Occleve, were Oxford men; and the earnest scholar who makes one of the group of Canterbury pilgrims is a "clerk of Oxenford." Early in life Chaucer was page to the wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and later he bore arms in the campaign of Edward III. against France in 1359. Taine says: "He was employed more than once in open embassies or secret missions at Florence, Genoa, Milan, Flanders; commissioner in France for the marriage of the Prince of Wales; high up and low down on the political ladder; disgraced, restored to place.

A portrait of Chaucer, attributed to his friend Occleve, and a beautiful miniature introduced into one of the most



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.



valuable manuscript copies of his works, would lead us to believe that the poet was of low stature and somewhat corpulent, his face small and fair, his eyes downcast and meditative. In the prologue to "The Rime of Sir Thopas," the host of the Tabard, himself represented as a "large man" and a "fair burgess," calls upon Chaucer to contribute a story and rallies him on his corpulency, as well as on his studious and abstracted air.

His works are of two kinds, translations and tales of social life; the style alternating from grave to gay, moral to licentious, chivalrous to vulgar. In prose composition he is comparatively uninteresting, but as a poet, in point of time, he is our first great English classic. He became to others what none had been to him, a standard. He was greatly admired by Spenser and Milton, and was imitated by Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson. In fact, all great poets since his time have drawn largely from the fountain of Chaucer's inspiration.

**Principal Works.**—Chaucer's most important works are the "Canterbury Tales," "Troilus and Cryseyde," the "Flower and the Leaf," the "House of Fame" and the "Legende of Goode Women." The following selection is from one of his minor poems, his "A, B, C," as it is called, or "Prayer to our Lady." It displays the author's tender and unaffected devotion to the Mother of God.

Comfort ys noon, but in you, Lady dere!  
For loo my synne and my confusioun  
Which oughte not in thy presence for to appere,  
Han take on me a grevouse accioun  
Of verray ryght and disperacioun!  
And as by ryght they myghten wel sustene,  
That I were worthy my damnacioun,  
Nere mercye of you, blysful hevenes queene!

Glorious mayde and moder! whiche that never  
Were better nor in erthe nor in see,  
But ful of swetnesse and of mercye ever,  
Help, that my fader be not wroth!  
Speke thou, for I ne dar nat him yse;  
So have I doom in erthe, allas the while!  
That certes, but that thow my socour be,  
To synke eterne he wol my goost exile.

By many "Troilus and Cryseyde" is ranked next to the "Canterbury Tales." The material was drawn from Boccaccio, and the story was extremely popular in the Middle Ages and even later. Shakespeare himself has dramatized it.

The "Flower and the Leaf" is an allegory probably written to celebrate the marriage of Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, with John, King of Portugal.

The "House of Fame" by its extraordinary union of brilliant description with learning and humor, is sufficient of itself to establish Chaucer's reputation. Under the popular form of a dream, it gives a picture of the Temple of Glory, crowded with aspirants for immortal renown, and adorned with statues of great poets and historians.

The "Legende of Goode Women" was one of Chaucer's latest compositions. Its apologies for what had been written in his earlier years, and its mention of many of his previous works, clearly prove that it was produced after much of his busy life was spent. The avowed purpose of the poem is to make a retractation of his unfavorable descriptions of the character of women; and for this purpose he undertakes to give a poetical sketch of nineteen ladies, whose lives of chastity and worthiness redeem the sex from his former reproaches.

### The Canterbury Tales.

This, Chaucer's greatest and most original work, was given to the world in its present unfinished state in 1391. In this poem, Chaucer has poured forth in abundance his stores of wit, humor, pathos and knowledge of humanity; by this he has gained a place in the first rank of poets and character-painters. Each tale is admirably adapted to the teller as portrayed in the Prologue, and all the tales are naturally bound together by little incidents such as are likely to occur among a number of travelers on horseback, journeying to the same place.

**Plan** — The plan of the "Canterbury Tales" is simple but masterly. It makes the representatives of various classes of society tell a series of tales extremely beautiful when judged on their independent merits, but deriving a higher interest from the way in which they harmonize with their narrators. In the inimitable description of manners, persons, dress and all the equipage, with which the poet has introduced them, we behold a vast and minute portrait gallery of the social England of the fourteenth century.

The Prologue to the tales describes the character of the pilgrims with unsurpassed simplicity and grace, but many satirical passages indicate that in hostility to the monks and the ecclesiastical hierarchy, Chaucer sympathized with Wycliffe.

The tales themselves may be roughly divided into the two great classes of pathetic and humorous. The finest of the pathetic stories are, the Knight's Tale, the longest of them all, in which is related the adventure of Palamon and Arcite; the Squire's Tale, a wild half-Oriental tale of love, chivalry and enchantment; the Man of Lawe's



Tale, the beautiful and pathetic story of Constance; the Tale of the Prioress, the charming legend of "litel Hew of Lincoln," who was murdered for singing his hymn to the Blessed Virgin; and, above all, the Clerk of Oxford's Tale, perhaps the most beautiful pathetic narration in the whole range of literature. This, the story of Griselda, is the tenderest of all the serious narratives, as the Knight's Tale is the masterpiece among the descriptions of love and chivalric magnificence.

**Foreign Contemporaries.**—The greatest foreign contemporaries of Chaucer were the Italian poets, Dante (1265–1321), Boccaccio (1313–1375) and Petrarch (1304–1374).

Although Dante died in 1321, his influence was strongly felt throughout the century. In his sublime allegory — *La Divina Commedia* — he has caught up and crystallized the spirit of the Middle Ages. Their philosophy, their politics, their religion, their aspirations are immortalized in its amber pages. He is the poet of Catholicity. The elevation of his genius places him above all parties. A fierce, unyielding Ghibelline, he reproves both Guelf and Ghibelline. The three divisions of his great work, the *Inferno*, *Purgatory* and *Paradise*, represent the three-fold state of man; thirty-three cantos representing the years of our Savior's life on earth, are devoted to each division. The poet first explores the seven regions of Hell (state of sin), accompanied by Virgil (the type of human reason), and then with the same guide traverses the seven circles of *Purgatory* (state of grace) and reaches *Paradise* (the state of blessedness), where he meets Beatrice (the grace of God), who guides him through the nine spheres to the presence of God. Every part contains symbolical meaning, even the rhyme which is in honor of the Trinity.



The "Decameron" and "Teseide" of Boccaccio are the only works whose influence is clearly marked in the writings of Chaucer. The "Decameron" consists of a hundred tales divided into decades, each decade occupying one day in its narration. The tales are told by a company of young persons of rank, who retired to a retreat on the banks of the Arno, in order to escape the infection of a terrible plague that devastated Florence in 1348.

The sonnets of Petrarch are delicately beautiful. This poet devoted his time and means to the restoration of classical study, by collecting and copying ancient manuscripts. To the Italian language he gave harmony and stability, so that even now scarcely an obsolete word can be found in his writings; to Italian literature he furnished models which have always been considered the finest of their kind.

**English Contemporaries**—Sir John Mandeville (1300-1372); John Gower (1325-1408); William Caxton (1412-1491); Blessed Thomas More (1480-1535); Roger Ascham (1515-1568).

**Sir John Mandeville**, the great traveler, was the author of the first English book of prose. He is said to have spent thirty-four years in a course of travels, and after his return to his native land in 1356, he published his "Voyages and Travels" in Latin, then "put this boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it again out of Frensche into Englysche, that every man of my Nacioun may undirstonde it." The work possesses no national tone or coloring, and little, if any, purely literary interest; but to the antiquarian it is interesting and valuable, chiefly as giving the earliest example, on a large scale, of English prose. The most remarkable passage in the book is the argument, drawn from the author's

own observations, to prove that the earth is round. As this was written one hundred and fifty years before Columbus made a practical test of the question, it is worth remembering.

**John Gower.** — Closely linked with the name of Chaucer is that of Gower. John Gower was a man of wealth, and passed his life quietly in literary work. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, and his learning was extensive though somewhat pedantic in its display. His poetic talent was but indifferent; he lacked the warmth of imagination necessary for the poetic subjects of his time, and he was on all occasions so serious and didactic, so grave and sententious, that Chaucer called him the "Morall Gower."

**To William Caxton (1412-1492)** England is indebted for her early participation in the benefits arising from the art of printing. This great invention of modern times was made in 1438 by John Gutenberg of Mainz. Caxton spent twenty-three years in Holland and Flanders, and while there became master of the art of printing. His press was set up at Westminster, and its first work, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," appeared in 1477. In 1877 this event was commemorated by the Caxton celebration, and no fewer than one hundred and ninety books printed by Caxton were exhibited. A much larger number might have been collected had not the English Parliament of 1550 ordered the destruction of all Catholic books.

**Sir Thomas More** was born in London in 1480, and even in his youth displayed remarkable intellectual ability. When at Christmas time a Latin play was acted, young Thomas More could step in at will among the players and extemporize a comic part. He was educated

at Oxford, and entered Parliament at the age of twenty-one. Early in the reign of Henry VIII. he rose to high position in the practice of the law, and at the command of the king became a member of the court, where he rose from one dignity to another, becoming at last Lord High Chancellor.

His fame as a writer rests upon two works. The one most remarkable for literary style is his "Life of Edward V.," which is according to Hallam "the first example of good English, pure and perspicuous, without vulgarisms or pedantry." But his best known work is the "Utopia," written in Latin and translated by Burnet. In this work More presents views, on the subjects of morals and government especially, which at that time must have been new indeed.

In 1535, Sir Thomas More was unjustly imprisoned and condemned to death by Henry VIII., for refusing to take the oath of supremacy in which the king was declared to be supreme head of the Church. The self-possessed and heroic character of the man was well illustrated in his last moments; "the fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved his beard from the block. 'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured, 'that has not committed treason.' With such words, the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous throughout Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever." Faithfully and firmly attached to the principles of the Catholic faith, he lived amid the splendors of the court without pride, and perished on the scaffold without weakness.

**Roger Ascham**, a native of Yorkshire, was sent at an early age to Cambridge, and during a lengthened residence there he diligently promoted the study of the new

learning. In 1544 he published his "Toxophilus," a treatise on archery. This work, dedicated to Henry VIII., was written to revive decaying interest in the use of the bow; it is distinguished by quiet dignity of style and manliness of spirit.

In 1553 he was appointed Latin secretary to Edward VI., and he retained the office (Milton held it under Cromwell) during the reign of Mary. On the accession of Elizabeth, he received the additional appointment of reader in the learned languages to the queen. Elizabeth used to take lessons from him at a stated hour each day. In 1563 he wrote "The Schoolmaster," a treatise on education, still valuable for the principles and rules of teaching therein expounded. Johnson says that it contains "perhaps the best advice that was ever given for the study of languages."

Roger Ascham died in 1568, having overtaxed his frail strength by too close application to the composition of a Latin poem which he intended to present to Queen Elizabeth on the anniversary of her accession to the throne.

## CHAPTER II.

### ELIZABETHAN PERIOD (1558-1625).

After a brilliant opening under Chaucer, English literature continued for more than a hundred and fifty years in poverty and feebleness, and it remained unvivified by genius even during the first half of the reign of Elizabeth. The peaceable and firmly settled state of the country under Elizabeth was largely instrumental in the rise of literary greatness. Under the tyranny of Henry VIII., and in the short reigns of Edward and Mary, nothing was settled or secure; doubt, suspicion and distrust prevented spontaneous action. The sagacity of Elizabeth and her able counselors detected the paramount political want of the country, and in consequence, a rather inglorious peace with France was concluded. The durable internal peace thus established was attended with happy results, and the general prosperity led her subjects to invest the sovereign under whom all this was done, with virtues and shining qualities not her own. During this reign, Ireland was devastated with fire and sword, and the minority in England who adhered to the Catholic faith became the victims of an organized system of persecution and plunder. Wealth poured into the kingdom, and with it came leisure which demanded entertainment. There was an awakening of the people to general social improvement; comforts were invented and used.

“The gloomy walls and serried battlements of the feudal fortress now gave place to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall. A mixed and florid architecture,

the transition from Gothic to Classical, marked the dawn of the Renaissance. Tall molded and twisted chimneys, grouped in stacks; gilded turrets; fanciful weather-vanes; great oriel windows; and the stately terraces and broad flights of steps which led to a formal garden — marked the exterior of an Elizabethan mansion. In the interior were spacious apartments approached by grand staircases; immense mullioned windows; huge carved oak or marble chimney-pieces, reaching up to gilded and ornamented ceilings; and wainscoted walls covered with pictorial tapestries so loosely hung as to furnish a favorite hiding-place. Chimneys and large glass windows were the especial ‘modern improvements.’ The houses, which three centuries before were lighted only by loop holes, now reveled in a broad glare of sunlight; and the newly-found ‘chimney corner’ brought increased domestic pleasure. A flower-garden was essential, and a surrounding moat was still common. Town-houses, constructed of an oak frame filled in with brick or with lath-and-plaster, had each successive story projecting over the next lower; so that in the narrow streets the inmates on the upper floor could almost shake hands with their neighbors across the way.”

Furniture, even in noble mansions, was still rude and defective; and though the lofty halls and banqueting-rooms were hung with costly arras, the rooms in daily use were often bare enough. It was an age of ornamental ironwork, and the 16th-century hearth and household utensils were models of elegant design. The chief furniture of a mansion consisted of grotesquely carved dressers or cupboards; round, folding tables; a few chests and presses; sometimes a household clock, which was as yet a rarity; a day-bed or sofa, considered an excess of



luxury; carpets for couches and floors; stiff, high-backed chairs; and some "forms" or benches, with movable cushions. The bed was still the choicest piece of furniture. It was canopied and festooned like a throne; the mattress was of the softest down; the sheets were Holland linen; and over the blankets was laid a coverlet embroidered in silk and gold with the arms of its owner. A portable bed was carried about in a leathern case whenever the lord traveled, for he was no longer content, like his ancestors, with the floor or a hard bench.

The poorer classes of Elizabeth's time had also improved in condition. Many still lived in hovels made of clay-plastered wattles, having a hole in the roof for chimney, and a clay floor strewn with rushes, under which lay unmolested an ancient collection of fragments. These were the people whose uncleanly habits fed the terrible plagues that periodically raged in England. But houses of brick and stone as well as of oak were now abundant among the yeomanry. The wooden ladle and trenches had given way to the pewter spoon and platter; and the feather bed and pillow were fast displacing the sack of straw and log bolster. Lea coal (mineral coal) began to be used in the better houses, as the destruction of forests had reduced the supply of firewood. The sulphurous odor of the coal prejudiced many against its use, and it was forbidden to be burned in London during the sitting of Parliament, lest the health of the country members should suffer.

At table all wore their hats, as they did also at church or at the theater. The noon dinner was the formal meal of the day, and was characterized by stately decorum. Forks were still unknown, but they were brought from Italy early in the 17th century. Bread and meats were

presented on the point of a knife, the food being conveyed to the mouth by the left hand. With common people, ale, spiced and prepared in various forms, was the popular drink; and the ale-houses of the day, which were frequented too often by women, were centers of vice and dissipation. Tea and coffee were yet unknown, and were not introduced till the next century.

Domestic manners were stern and formal. Sons, even in mature life, stood silent and uncovered in their father's presence, and daughters knelt on a cushion until their mother had retired. The yard-long fan-handles served for whipping-rods, and discipline was enforced so promptly and severely that grown-up men and women often trembled at the sight of their parents.

**Street Life.** — No end of rogues and beggars passed and repassed from morning till night, and many a brawl, robbery, and even murder, a 16th-century Londoner could witness from his street-door. At night the narrow city-lanes swarmed with thieves, who skillfully dodged the rays of the flaring cresset borne by the marching watch. Fortunately early hours were fashionable, and nine o'clock saw the bulk of society-folk within their own homes. Along the wretched country roads most travel was on horseback, the ladies riding on a pillion behind a servant. There was no regular stage communication. On the great road to Scotland were some royal post stations, but ordinary letters were sent by chance merchants or by a special courier.

The people for the sake of amusement, took up the old popular drama which had come down from the very beginning of the Middle Ages, and which after a process of transformation and elaboration was developed into a



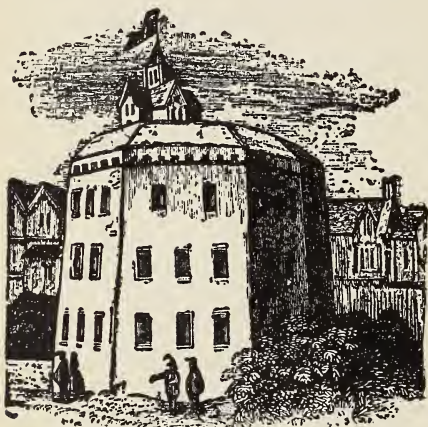
nearly perfect condition as we find it in Shakespeare. The theatrical literature of England is independent in its origin, and characteristic in its form; and as it reflects faithfully the moral, social and intellectual features of the people, we shall briefly trace its rise and progress.

**The Drama.** — The origin of the drama may be traced to the odes chanted at the festivals of Bacchus, and the choruses sung in honor of Bacchus at the harvest-gatherings among the Greeks. At the festivals, the principal sacrifice at the altar being a goat, the odes were called *tragodia* (goat-songs), hence our word tragedy; at the harvest-gatherings, the celebrations were in the villages, and the choruses were called *komodia* (village-songs), hence our word comedy. Later on, at the dawn of modern civilization, most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, not like the plays of Greece and Rome, but representing the principal events recorded in Holy Scripture. These dramas were called “Mysteries,” or “Miracle Plays,” and seem to have been acted under the immediate management of the clergy, who deemed them favorable to the diffusion of religious feeling. At Oberammergau in Germany the custom of presenting the Passion Play still prevails.

In the fifteenth century the Mysteries were superseded by allegorical plays called Moralities, in which sentiments and abstract ideas are represented by persons. Thus, instead of Jonathan and Satan of the Mystery, we meet Friendship and Vice. With the revival of learning, the plays of Terence and Plautus became generally known, and the career of the Moralities was shortened.

Not long after the appearance of “Gorboduc” both tragedies and comedies had become common; and be-

tween the years 1568 and 1580 no fewer than fifty-two dramas were enacted at court under the superintendence of the Master of the Revels. The first theater was Blackfriars, an old abandoned monastery just outside the city boundaries. This was so successful a venture that the owners erected, not far from London bridge, the Globe Theater, a hexagonal building intended for representa-



THE GLOBE THEATER.

tions during the pleasant weather of the summer months. Both of these theaters were destitute of roof except immediately over the stage. The "groundlings" in the pit stood upon the muddy ground with the open sky above them; the nobility and other favored ones sat at the sides of the

stage or behind the wings. A flag placed upon the top of the theater announced the beginning of the play, which always took place early in the afternoon. Before the play, the main portion of the audience, those in the pit, amused themselves by smoking and drinking. Very simple contrivances were used for scenes; for tragedy the stage was hung with black tapestry. Whenever necessary, a placard announced the locality of the scene, as, London, Athens, Venice. A platform in the middle of the stage served for window, rampart, tower and balcony.

It was from this that Juliet held her interview with Romeo; and that Abigail threw the bags of treasure to her father Barabas, the Jew of Malta. Between the acts the time was occupied with singing and buffoonery, and at the end of the play a comic dance with musical accompaniment was performed.

In the creation of his greatest characters, Shakespeare could not have manifested such strength and versatility had there been no great actor to take these parts and vitalize them on the stage. Richard Burbage, son of the original proprietor of Blackfriars, was that actor. He was small in stature, graceful though fleshy, and handsome. Possessing great powers of mimicry, he became a perfect Proteus on the stage. Every emotion of the human heart could be plainly read upon his countenance; he therefore excelled in the most difficult parts.

### William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

"I loved the man and do honor to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."—Ben Jonson.

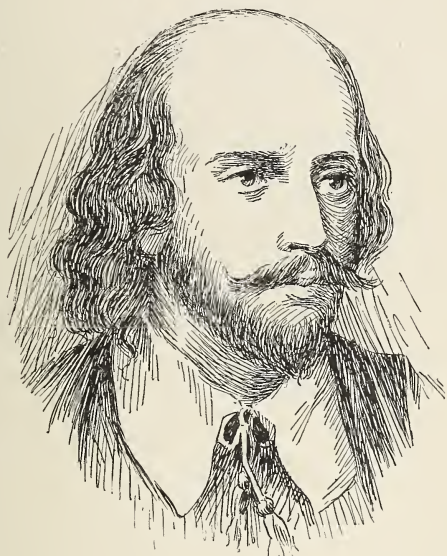
"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind; no man ever had such strength at once, and such variety of imagination. Coleridge has most felicitously applied to him a Greek epithet, given before to I know not whom, certainly none so deserving of it—the thousand-souled Shakespeare."—Hallam.

The authentic biography of William Shakespeare is very brief. Of his early life and education we know but little. He was born in the town of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, England, April 23, 1564, and died there in 1616. Tradition says that he was a man of fine form and features, that he was beloved by all who knew him and

that he had the personal acquaintance of Elizabeth and of James I. His father, John Shakespeare, a glover, was in flourishing circumstances, having been one of the Aldermen of Stratford, and having served in the office of Bailiff or Mayor in 1569. That William Shakespeare could have obtained even the most elementary education from his parents seems impossible, for neither of them could write. This, however, was an accomplishment rare in Elizabeth's time. He attended the grammar school in Stratford, and this opportunity, together with the extensive though irregular reading of which his works give evidence, makes it probable that the poet had more training than some of his admirers would give him credit for.

At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven years his senior. Although much has been said about the probable unhappiness of this marriage, because of the disparity in age, there is in fact little reason for such a presumption. Three years after his marriage he went to London and joined a dramatic company, following this career with industry and success. That he was acquainted with his art is clear from the inimitable "directions to the players" put into the mouth of Hamlet, which, in incredibly few words, contain its whole system. There is a tradition that tells of his acting the Ghost in his tragedy of "Hamlet," the graceful and touching character of Adam, the faithful old servant, in his "As You Like It," the deeply pathetic impersonation of grief and despair in the popular tragedy of "Hieronymo" and the sensible Old Knowell in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor."

By adapting old plays to the demands of his theater he acquired that masterly knowledge of stage-effect, and evolved the dramatic genius which enabled him to write



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.





the greatest dramas in the literature of the world. His theatrical career continued from 1586 to 1611, a period of twenty-five years, including his youth and the dignity and glory of his manhood. In 1611 he sold his interest in the Globe Theater, left London and withdrew to the quietude of his home. There five years were spent in a leisure that must have been a strange contrast to the busy, thronging cares that had attended his professional life. An active interest in the welfare of his town, an occasional visit to London, generous entertainment of his friends, and the composition of one or two of his most famous dramas, seem to have occupied these years of retirement. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, the anniversary of his birthday, and was buried in the parish church of Stratford.

A distinguishing peculiarity of this poet is his freedom from any tendency to egotism. From his dramas we learn nothing whatever of his sympathies. He is absolutely impersonal, or rather he is all persons in turn; he identifies himself with a multitude of diverse individualities, and he does this so completely that we cannot detect a trace of preference. His characters are real flesh and blood. We know them, not by descriptions of them, but by actual intercourse with them, and the more familiar the student becomes with them, the more life-like they are. This is his greatest power, that he makes realities out of that which others make into pictures and dreams. In no class of his impersonations are the depth, the delicacy and the extent of his creative power more visible than in his delineations of women. "It would be gratifying and instructive," says Hudson, "to be let into the domestic life and character of the poet's mother. That both her nature and her discipline had much to do in making him



what he was, can hardly be questioned. Whatsoever of woman's beauty and sweetness and wisdom was expressed in her life and manners could not but be caught up and repeated in his fertile mind. He must have grown familiar with the noblest parts of womanhood somewhere; and I can scarce conceive how he should have learned them so well, but that the light and glory of them beamed upon him from his mother."

The religious faith of Shakespeare is not definitely known, but his works are pre-eminently Catholic in their grandest and purest passages. Fear or ambition may have restrained him from open profession of his faith, but however this may be, it is certain that no sneer at the rites or mysteries of the Catholic religion can be found on his pages. As to his morality, Cardinal Newman says: "There is no mistaking in his works on which side lies the right. There is in him neither contempt of religion nor skepticism. Satan is not made a hero, nor Cain a victim; but pride is pride, and vice is vice, and whatever indulgence he may allow himself in light thoughts or unseemly words, yet his admiration is reserved for sanctity and truth. Often as he may offend against modesty, he is clear of a worse charge, sensuality, and hardly a passage can be instanced in all that he has written, to seduce the imagination or to excite the passions." It must also be remembered that he lived in an age when much more freedom was permitted in conversation than would be tolerated in our day.

According to Furnivall's table, the names of Shakespeare's works, and the dates of their production, are as follows:—

**Comedies.**—"Love's Labour Lost," 1588 or 1589; "Comedy of Errors," 1589 to 1591; "Midsummer Night's

Dream," 1590; "Two Gentlemen of Verona," 1590 to 1592; "Merchant of Venice," 1596; "Taming of the Shrew," of which Shakespeare wrote only the Katharine and Petruchio scenes, 1596 or 1597; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1598 or 1599; "Much Ado About Nothing," 1599 or 1600; "As You Like It," 1600; "Twelfth Night," 1601; "All's Well That Ends Well," which Shakespeare recast from an old play, 1601 or 1602; "Measure for Measure," 1603; "Tempest," 1610; and "Winter's Tale," 1611.

**Tragedies.** — "Romeo and Juliet," 1591 to 1593; "Hamlet," 1602 or 1603; "Othello," 1604; "Macbeth," 1605 or 1606; "King Lear," 1605 or 1606; "Cymbeline," 1610 to 1612.

**Histories.** — "Titus Andronicus," 1588; "First Part of Henry VI.," 1590 to 1592. These were only touched up by Shakespeare. "Second Part of Henry VI.," recast from another play, 1592 to 1594; "Richard II., 1593 or 1594; "Third Part of Henry VI.," recast from another play, 1592 to 1594; "Richard III.," 1594; "King John," 1595; "First Part of Henry IV.," 1596 or 1597; "Second Part of Henry IV.," 1597 or 1598; "King Henry V.," 1595; "Julius Cæsar," 1601; "Troilus and Cressida," 1606 or 1607; "Antony and Cleopatra," 1606 or 1607; "Coriolanus," 1607 or 1608; "Timon of Athens," 1607 or 1608; "Pericles," 1608; "Henry VIII.," 1613; of the three last mentioned Shakespeare wrote only a part.

**Long Poems.** — "Venus and Adonis," 1593; "Rape of Lucrece," 1594.

**Sonnets.** — 1592 to 1608.

## MACBETH.

The story of Macbeth is taken from a legend of Scottish history. A chieftain of that name killed Duncan in 1040, and was proclaimed king of Scotland, but was defeated afterward at Dunsinane, Perthshire, by Seward, earl of Northumberland. The life of Macbeth as depicted by Shakespeare is the history of a monomania. The witches' prophecy has sunk into his mind, like a fixed idea. Gradually this idea corrupts the rest, and transforms the whole man. Macbeth's hallucination becomes complete when his wife has persuaded him to assassinate the king. Having done the deed, he has a strange dream; a frightful vision of the punishment that awaits him descends upon him. Above the beating of his heart, above the tingling of the blood which seethes in his brain, he hears the cry, "Sleep no more!" A voice like an angel's trumpet calls him by all his titles:

"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

This idea, incessantly repeated, beats in his brain, with monotonous and quick strokes, like the tongue of a bell. Insanity begins; thenceforth in his rare lucid intervals he is like a man worn out by a long malady.

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality;  
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of."

The action of the drama proceeds with breathless rapidity. The first crime, engendered by that "vaulting ambi-

tion which doth o'erleap itself," necessitates the commission of others to avert the consequences of the first. A large part of a life is presented to our eyes in the light of one great, gilded, successful crime, until at last it topples over, and is quenched with the suddenness of an expiring rocket.

"Macbeth" teaches us how one sin involves another, and forever another, by a fatal parthenogenesis; and that the key which unlocks forbidden doors to our will or passion leaves a stain on the hand that may not be so dark as blood, but that "will not out."

**Foreign Contemporaries.**—As the Renaissance or new birth of literature was not confined to England, Shakespeare's foreign contemporaries were many and noted. Spain, France and Italy could each count a larger number of poets than England. In dramatic literature especially, Spain excelled.

The most famous of the Spanish dramatists was Lope de Vega, who died in 1635 at the age of seventy-three years. He was the author of about eighteen hundred plays. He began his career in 1588, and although he became a priest in 1609, he continued indefatigable in his dramatic work. He was a prodigy of nature; not that we can ascribe to him a sublime genius, but his fertility of invention and readiness of versifying are beyond competition. He would sometimes write a play in three or four hours; in twenty-four hours write a drama in three acts. His aim was to paint what he observed, not what he would have approved, in the manners of the fashionable world of his age. Taine says: "A volunteer at fifteen, a passionate lover, a wandering duelist, a soldier of the Armada, finally a priest; so ardent that he fasts till he is exhausted, faints with emotion while singing

mass, and in his flagellations stains the walls of his cell with blood." Lope de Vega may well be considered a prodigy of nature.

**Saavedra Cervantes (1547-1616).**—Cervantes is a literary artist who began his career by writing verses when he was still a mere child. He served as chamberlain in the household of Monseigneur Aquaviva (who was afterward cardinal) at Rome. He volunteered as a common soldier in the expedition organized by the Pope and the state of Venice against the Turks, and was severely wounded, losing the use of his left hand and arm for life. He wrote twenty or thirty plays, but his genius did not lie in that direction. The whole force of the Spanish language is embodied in his master-piece, "Don Quixote." The book contains simple amusement for youth, and profound thought for old age. In a pleasant manner, it brushed away an evil without destroying with it either morality or the wholesome customs of society. It is innocent, amusing and serious; it is a most accurate picture of the customs and manners of Spain in the sixteenth century. It is with all people, and deservedly so, a standing monument of allusion and a source of frequent quotation. In its philosophical aspect, it represents the shock received by aspiration and day-dreams when they come in contact with the prosaic realities of life. From "Don Quixote" the general mind has learned the lesson that in this work-a-day world, romancing is for the imagination alone.

**Pedro Calderon de la Barca (1600-1681).**—This celebrated Spanish dramatist and poet was educated first by the Jesuits and then at Salamanca. He served the army at various times, and devoted his leisure moments to lit-

erature. He was patronized by Philip IV., and was formally attached to the court, furnishing dramas for the royal theaters. He became a priest of the Congregation of St. Peter, and afterward became Superior General of the Order, an office which he held until his death. Calderon is both poet and priest. For thirty-seven years he composed the Corpus Christi plays which were performed under the auspices of the Cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, and Granada. These plays were accompanied by music and scenes the most gorgeous. Noting the ease and skill with which the poet projects his inmost thoughts into outward representation, we marvel at the power of his genius. It is customary to judge Calderon by his secular plays, but his best work, his most perfect art, he puts into his religious plays. They are the most beautiful wreaths ever woven by human genius to be placed before the Real Presence. "We feel," says Baron von Eichendorff, "that under the terrestrial veil lies silent the unfathomable song which is the voice of all things, lost, as it were, in dreams of unutterable longing; but Calderon speaks the magic word, and the world begins to sing."

**Michael Eyquem de Montaigne (1553 1592).**—This French writer is chiefly known by his "Essais." In these Essays Montaigne studies the men of the society of his day. He examines everything in a skeptical spirit, is inclined to doubt, and his motto is "Que sais-je?" Montaigne's ideas and influence may be traced in many of the best French authors of the 17th and 18th centuries, while outside of France his Essays were diligently read by Bacon and Shakespeare.



### English Contemporaries.

#### Edmund Spenser (1553-1599).

"Among the poets belonging to Elizabeth's reign, Spenser stands without a class and without a rival. There are few eminent poets in the language who have not been essentially indebted to him."—Campbell.

"The poetry of Spenser is remarkable for brilliant imagination, fertile invention and flowing rhythm: yet, with all these recommendations, it is cold and tedious."—Chateaubriand.

The birth-place of Spenser was East Smithfield, London, near the Tower. Of his youth we know but little; his parents though well-connected were poor, and their son entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a sizar. The principal duty of a sizar was to wait on the college pensioners called Fellows. Spenser's education was acquired under these humiliating conditions; nevertheless he became an excellent scholar, receiving his degree of M. A. in 1576.

After leaving college, Spenser became a tutor in the north of England, and at this time wrote the "Shepherd's Calendar." Through the influence of Gabriel Harvey, with whom Spenser had formed an intimate acquaintance while at college, he was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and the friendship of this man was of great value to the struggling poet. Sidney presented him to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Elizabeth, and Dudley brought him into the notice of the queen. To her, Spenser paid literary homage, and received a grant of land in Ireland. His residence there, Kilcolman Castle, not far from Cork, was a desolate place; the plain was boggy, the hills and river at least two miles away. Here, far removed from the society of literary men, and bitterly





EDMUND SPENSER.



hated by the Irish peasantry, he composed the "Faery Queene," the most important of his poetical works. In 1591 a pension of fifty pounds a year was decreed to him by the queen, thus virtually making him poet laureate. In 1598 Tyrconnell's rebellion broke out; Spenser's castle was attacked and burned, and his infant child perished in the flames. From the shock of this calamity Spenser never recovered. He died in a common lodging-house in London, January, 1599, impoverished and broken-hearted. Spenser was buried by the side of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. "Expectations and rebuffs, many sorrows and many dreams, some few joys and a sudden and a frightful calamity, a small fortune and a premature end; this," says Taine, "was the poet's life."

In richness of imagery Spenser has perhaps never been equaled. Being naturally a creator and dreamer, his style is redundant, but clear and pure. In circumstantial description he is tediously minute, and every reader has keen sympathy for the toiling patience which polished and decorated even the most obscure parts of his poems. His most important works are "The Faery Queene," "The Shepherd's Calendar," and "A View of the State of Ireland."

His greatest work, "The Faery Queene," is a brilliant poetical description of the sentiments of chivalry. The original plan proposed twelve books, each book recounting the exploits of a knight and the triumph of a virtue. The poem contains a double allegory, and yet it is perfectly clear. The following explanation will be useful as illustrative of the double allegory. The Faery Queene means in general The Glory of God; and in particular, Queen Elizabeth. Britomartis, the heroine of the third book, means Chastity, and also stands for Elizabeth.

Arthur means Magnificence, and also the Earl of Leicester. The Red Cross Knight is Holiness and also the model Englishman; Una, Truth and the Protestant Church; Duessa, Falsehood and Mary Queen of Scots. The fact that the corrupt and perhaps murderous Leicester, the queen's favorite, was Arthur, the hero of the poem, is sufficient to make us stop further inquiry into the truth of the allegory.

Only six books of the poem were published, but the incompleteness of the work is not to be regretted, for the vigor and splendor of the first three books decline in the fourth, fifth and sixth. Macaulay says: "One unparadonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the 'Faery Queene.' We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem."

No poetry is more uniformly and exquisitely musical than Spenser's. The richness of the sound and the sweetness of the rhythm would make the verse enervating were he not a master who modulates the sounds and paints the pictures for the fancy. The sonorous, grand stanza invented by him, and called after him the Spenserian, consists of nine lines and is formed by adding an Alexandrine to Chaucer's stanza of eight lines.

Many subsequent poets have been indebted to Spenser for much of their inspiration; Pope, Addison, Cowley, Gray and Collins acknowledge their obligations to him. Some idea of the depth and richness of his imagination may be gained from the following extracts:

## THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

(From "The Faery Queene." Book II, Canto VII.)

At length they came into a larger space  
That stretched itself into an ample plain,  
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace  
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign,  
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,  
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife.  
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,  
The other brandished a bloody knife,  
And both did gash their teeth and both did threaten  
Life.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware  
Break in and spoil the treasure there in guard.  
Nor would he suffer Sleep once thitherward  
Approach, although his drowsy den were next,  
For next to death is sleep to be compared;  
Therefore his house is unto his annexed;  
Here Sleep, there Riches, and hell-gate them betwixt.

## Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626).

"I reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to him; he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been for ages. In his adversity I ever prayed God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."—Ben Jonson.

Francis Bacon was the younger and favorite son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-keeper of the Great Seal of England and one of the statesmen who gave the reign of Elizabeth its glory. His mother, Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, was a woman of stern integrity of character, "exquisitely skilled in the Latin and Greek tongues." Under parental influences in which were

blended dignity, intelligence and refinement, in the elegance of an English nobleman's palace, amid the associations of cultivated society, he had opportunity for the development of courtiership, self-esteem, observation and thoughtfulness. He was born in 1561, and during his boyhood he was very delicate, though his mind was precocious. Queen Elizabeth was fond of him, often calling him her little lord-keeper. He was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of thirteen, and left there before he was sixteen, in order to live in France as an attaché of the English ambassador. During the two years he spent upon the continent, he was observant and studious, and was interested in collecting material for his first literary work, "Of the State of England." In 1579 he returned to England, and owing to the death of his father, he adopted the profession of the law, and became distinguished in it, although it was to him a secondary object. In 1584 he entered Parliament, where he was recognized as a masterly orator. Ben Jonson says: "No man ever spoke more neatly, more weightily or suffered less idleness in what he uttered. He commandèd where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." He offended the queen by one of his speeches, and although she never treated him unkindly, she refused to give him an office.

Bacon was seriously deficient in moral sensibility. In his political life, he degraded himself, and injured his country and posterity by tarnishing the honorable traditions of the bench. In 1621 there were twenty-three specific acts of corruption charged against him, to all of which he pleaded guilty, saying to the judges: "I



LORD FRANCIS BACON.





beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." His principal offense was the taking of presents from persons who had suits in his court, in some cases while the suits were still pending. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure; to be forever incapable of sitting in Parliament or holding office in the state. The king remitted his fine and imprisonment. Bacon admitted the justice of his sentence, but always denied that he had been an unjust judge.

Although he was a voluminous writer, Bacon's literary work is largely fragmentary. His two greatest works are the "Essays" and the "Novum Organum." In the "Novum Organum" he explains the inductive method of reasoning, and dwells on the necessity of experiments in the study of natural science.

As specimens of intellectual activity, of original thinking and aptness of illustration, the "Essays" surpass any other writing of equal extent in our literature. Hallam says: "Few books are more quoted, and it would be somewhat derogatory to a man of the slightest claim to polite letters were he unacquainted with the 'Essays' of Bacon. They illustrate the author's comprehensive mind and his wonderful power of condensing thought. In his style there is that same quality which is applauded in Shakespeare — a combination of the intellectual and imaginative, the closest reasoning in the boldest metaphor.

#### **Ben Jonson (1573-1637).**

"Ben Jonson possessed all the learning that was wanting to Shakespeare, and wanted all the genius which the other possessed."—David Hume.

"Many were the wit combats betwixt him (Shakespeare) and Ben Jonson; which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon

and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson, like the former, was built for higher learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."—Thomas Fuller.

Ben Jonson, the contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, was born in London in 1573, and died there in 1637. Although compelled by his step-father to follow the trade of brick-layer, he succeeded in making himself one of the most learned men of the age. He entered the army and served a campaign in Flanders, where he distinguished himself by his courage. We next find him at the age of twenty, an actor in one of the minor theaters. Personally unattractive, his success as a theatrical performer was not great.

It is not known when he began to write, but "Every Man in His Humor" was popular in 1596. At first it was a failure, but Shakespeare, then at the height of his popularity, suggested changes in the play and secured its acceptance by the managers of Blackfriars. Thus was laid the foundation of that sincere and enduring attachment between the two poets. The zenith of Jonson's prosperity was reached between 1603 and 1616. In 1616 he received the office of laureate, with an annual pension of one hundred marks. The following year his wife died; most of his children died young, and none survived him. His last years were spent in poverty and neglect, owing to his ill-health, his improvidence and the revengeful disposition of some powerful enemies. He died in 1637, regretting the occasional irreverences of his pen, and deploring the frequent abuse of powers which were given for nobler ends. He was buried in an upright posture

in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Above his grave a plain stone bears the words, "O, rare Ben Jonson!"

In person Jonson was large and fleshy, and of fair complexion, but a scrofulous affection had scarred his face. In manners he was boisterous, dictatorial and egotistical; but he was also warm-hearted. His memory was remarkable; at the age of forty he could repeat everything he had ever written. He was an excellent reader of character, and his knowledge of human nature was profound. His faults were the typical faults of the conceited man; he was egotistical, self-willed and overbearing, but he was at the same time frank, generous and truly upright.

His dramatic works range from excellence to mediocrity. His best dramas are the "Alchemist," "Epicene" and "Volpone," but these are marred by many gross features. He wrote only two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," both severely classical. The last appearance of Shakespeare as an actor was in "Sejanus," in 1603. As a writer of Masques, composed for the amusement of the king and the great nobles, he is without an equal.

#### Robert Southwell (1562-1595).

"In the poems of Southwell there is a liberal use of trope, metaphor, similitude and all such poetic devices; but the deep, strong, loving heart beneath sanctifies and excuses the extravagance, if any there be, in the language."— Thomas Arnold.

"Southwell shows in his poetry great simplicity and elegance of thought and still greater purity of language. He has been compared to Goldsmith, and the comparison seems not unjust." — Angus.

Chief among the writers of religious poetry stands Robert Southwell. He was born at Horsham, St. Faith's,

Norfolk, in 1560, of an ancient and wealthy Catholic family. While still very young he was sent to the English college at Douay, where his amiable disposition and gentle manners won him every heart. In 1857 he entered the Society of Jesus at Rome, and was ordained priest in 1584. At his request the perilous duty of the English mission was assigned to him, and while faithfully discharging his sacred office, he was apprehended by an agent of Queen Elizabeth. For three years he was kept in a loathsome prison, and he led a life as horrible as cruel confinement, want and filth, and torture beyond description could make it. Repeatedly the parents of Father Southwell begged that he might be brought to trial, even that he might be put to death rather than endure longer the barbarous treatment to which he was daily subject, but all was useless.

Conscious that he suffered in the holiest of causes, Father Southwell met death with calm heroism. His works, although written while he was in the Tower, bear not the faintest trace of angry feeling against any human being or against any institution. Only a true poet's soul, under the circumstances, could have found expression in songs whose perfect moral beauty bear no trace of repining at his cruel fate, but express the sentiments of a heart too full of love of God to have room for malice toward his persecutors.

Ben Jonson has expressed his admiration of Southwell, and praised the "Burning Babe" as a poem of great beauty. The prose of Southwell is not less charming than his poetry. The "Triumph of Death," written on the character of Lady Sackville, and "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears" are among his best prose pieces. Southwell was the founder of the modern English style of re-

ligious poetry; his influence and example are evident in the works of Crashaw, Donne, Herbert, Waller or any of those whose devout lyrics were admired in later times. Chaucer had, it is true, shown in the poem called his "A, B, C," in honor of the Blessed Virgin, how much the English tongue was capable of in this direction, but the language was now greatly altered; and Chaucer, though admired, was looked upon as no subject for direct imitation.

## PROSE WRITERS.

**Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)** was the most conspicuous courtier of Elizabeth's famous court; for he was handsome, skillful in all manly games, an accomplished scholar and a generous, noble-hearted man. At the battle, or skirmish rather, of Zutphen, in Holland, in October, 1586, having given a portion of his armor to a fellow officer, he was wounded in the thigh by a musket ball. "As he lay dying, they brought to him a cup of water. Just as he lifted the cup to his lips, he caught the wistful glance of a wounded soldier near by, and exclaimed: 'Give it to him. His need is greater than mine.'" He wrote "Arcadia," a prose romance; "Defense of Poesy," and some beautiful sonnets.

**Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618)** was a navigator, soldier, politician, historian and poet. His spirit of adventure led him to France and to the Low Countries, and later to America. Here he discovered Virginia, which he thus called in honor of the queen. With the accession of James I. his misfortunes began. He was unjustly charged with treason, was tried and sentenced to the Tower, where he was imprisoned for thirteen years. During his imprisonment he wrote his "History of the World," and by that work won literary fame. After his

release from prison one of his exploits enraged the Spaniards, Raleigh was seized upon his return to England, and executed under the old sentence of fifteen years' standing. When he was brought to the block, he lifted the axe of the executioner and ran his fingers along the keen edge, smiling as he said: "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

**Robert Burton (1576-1640)** is the learned author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," a medley of curious quotations and pleasing anecdotes. Dr. Johnson said of it that it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

**John Lyly (1563-1601)** won his reputation by a work styled "Euphues; the Anatomy of Wit." His writings exhibit genius, though strongly tinged with affectation, with which he infected the language of conversation and even of literature. A specimen of euphuism may be found in the language of Sir Piercie Shafton in Scott's novel, "The Monastery."

**Nicholas Sander (1527-1581)** was at one time Regius Professor of Canon Law in the University of Oxford. After his ordination, official duties caused him to visit Trent, Louvain and various places in Spain. In 1579, he was sent as Papal Nuncio to Ireland, where he was starved to death in 1581. His principal work was "The Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism."

## OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

### NON-DRAMATIC POETS.

**Michael Drayton (1553-1631)** is best known by his work entitled "Polyolbion." This is a poetical ramble over England and Wales and is unique in literature. The poet



in thirty thousand lines describes enthusiastically, but with painful accuracy, the rivers, mountains and forests of his country, giving also detailed accounts of local legends and antiquities.

**George Herbert (1583-1632)** was known as "Holy George Herbert." He spent his short life in the discharge of his professional duties and the composition of two religious works: "The Parson," in which he describes the duties of a pastor, and "The Church," a series of poems distinguished for energy of thought, conciseness of diction and spiritual unction.

**Thomas Sackville (1536-1608)**, Earl of Dorset, was one of the judicial tribunal that pronounced the doom of Mary Stuart; and the Parliament, after having confirmed the sentence, commissioned him to bear the sad news to the unfortunate queen. His principal works are, his tragedy, "Gorboduc," and a poem entitled "Mirror for Magistrates."

#### DRAMATIC POETS.

**Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)** is the greatest English dramatist that preceded Shakespeare. He is a poet of unbridled passion and despair. His chief works are, "Tamburlaine, the Great," the "Jew of Malta," the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" and "Edward the Second." The impression is general that Shakespeare was indebted to the "Jew of Malta" for his "Merchant of Venice;" but there is no resemblance whatever between the two plays either in plot or character. Barabas, the Jew, is a horrible monstrosity, while Shylock never ceases to be a man.

**Francis Beaumont (1586-1616)** and **John Fletcher (1576-1625)** were popular writers in their time. They formed a literary partnership, which was continued for ten years. They wrote thirty-seven plays, ten of which were tragedies; but all without exception contain coarse and obscene passages. In rank they probably deserve a place next to Marlowe.

**Philip Massinger (1584-1640)** wrote many plays, of which eighteen have survived. One only, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," containing the famous character of Sir Giles Overreach, still keeps the stage. At the close of a life of poverty, he died in obscurity, and in the notice of his death the parish register names him, "Philip Massinger, a stranger."

### CHAPTER III.

#### CIVIL WAR PERIOD (1625-1700).

This was a period of fierce political and religious controversy. It witnessed the trial and execution of Charles I., the wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, the rise and fall of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, the Restoration of the Stuarts and the great Revolution of 1688 which resulted in the banishment of James II. and the enthronement of William and Mary. The entire century was one of change and transition, hence it was not favorable to authorship.

The union of Scotland and England was peacefully accomplished when James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England. This first Stuart king had few qualities of a ruler; he was obstinate, conceited, pedantic, weak, mean-looking in person, ungainly in manners and so timorous as to shudder at a drawn sword. The Catholics naturally expected toleration from Mary Stuart's son, but they were persecuted more bitterly than ever. In his reign the Church of England branched into the "High Church party" and the "Puritan party." The Puritan influence, stimulated by the persecutions of James I., although it was distasteful to a majority of the people, became more and more aggressive. In 1576, the influence was barely strong enough to compel the building of Blackfriars theater outside of the city walls; in 1643 it was strong enough to close every theater in the kingdom, and to bury in temporary oblivion our best and noblest literature.

Charles I. succeeded to a kingdom divided against itself; Parliament and the king were still in conflict. At

this time the royalists received the name of Cavaliers from their skill in riding, and the parliamentarians were called Roundheads from the Puritan fashion of wearing closely cut hair. The strife between the two factions became more bitter; civil war became inevitable. Oliver Cromwell's military genius secured the triumph of the Roundheads; Charles I. was captured, tried for treason and condemned to death. England was now governed without kings or lords, authority being vested in the diminished House of Commons; Puritan rule was supreme. The condition of affairs that then ensued seems incredible; it was like a change from the bright sunlight to the gloom of a funereal vault. With the suppression of all forms of innocent amusement, life became somber and moody, all human surroundings were made unnatural. An intense but misguided religious zeal animated the party in power. Some parents named their children after the great heroes of the Old Testament, and some used scriptural sayings for the same purpose. The name of the leader of Cromwell's first Parliament was Praise God Barebones.

The despotic rule of Cromwell paved the way for the restoration of the monarchy, and in 1660 Charles II. was invited to the throne of his ancestors. Although the people with other surroundings would probably have preferred the continuance of the Commonwealth, they hailed the restoration of a Stuart king with a tumult of joy. The Puritans had overshot the mark, and, in consequence, doomed England to the most frivolous reign the country had ever experienced. From Puritan austerity the people now rushed to the opposite extreme of levity; the effect of such a revolution was immediate and fearful; the nation plunged into excesses.

The brother of Charles II., James II., the last Catholic king of England, came to the throne without opposition. His attempts to relieve Catholics from the many disabilities under which they labored, were made with the indiscretion habitual to his family, and in vain the Pope counseled moderation. The revolution of 1688 was brought about, which resulted in the banishment of James II. and the enthronement of William and Mary.

### John Milton (1608-1674).

"The first place among our English poets is due to Milton."—Addison.

"The old blind poet hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as a merit it hath no other."—Waller.

"Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of 'Paradise Lost'? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and never equaled unless perhaps by Virgil."—Cowper.

John Milton, the greatest of English poets since Shakespeare, was born in 1608 and died in 1674. From childhood he seems to have been conscious of superior powers; and throughout his career, circumstances combined to develop his peculiar genius. His first teacher, Thomas Young, must have done much toward giving him correct habits of study, for when he went to St. Paul's school, at the age of twelve, he was soon able to write good Latin and Greek verses. At the age of sixteen years he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, and after eight years left the college, familiar with not only music, mathematics, theology and philosophy, but also with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian and Spanish. Thus the future embodiment of Puritanism was as fine a scholar

as England ever produced. The five years succeeding his university career he spent at his father's country-seat in Horton, a village in Buckinghamshire. Here he disciplined his mind with mathematics and the sciences, and stored his memory with classical literature. Here also he indulged his passionate fondness for music — a fondness to which the invariably melodious structure of his verse, and the majestic harmony of his prose style, bear constant testimony. The chief productions of this studious retirement were "L'Allegro," an ode to mirth; "Il Penseroso," an ode to melancholy; "Comus," a masque; the "Arcades;" and "Lycidas," a monody on the death of a friend.

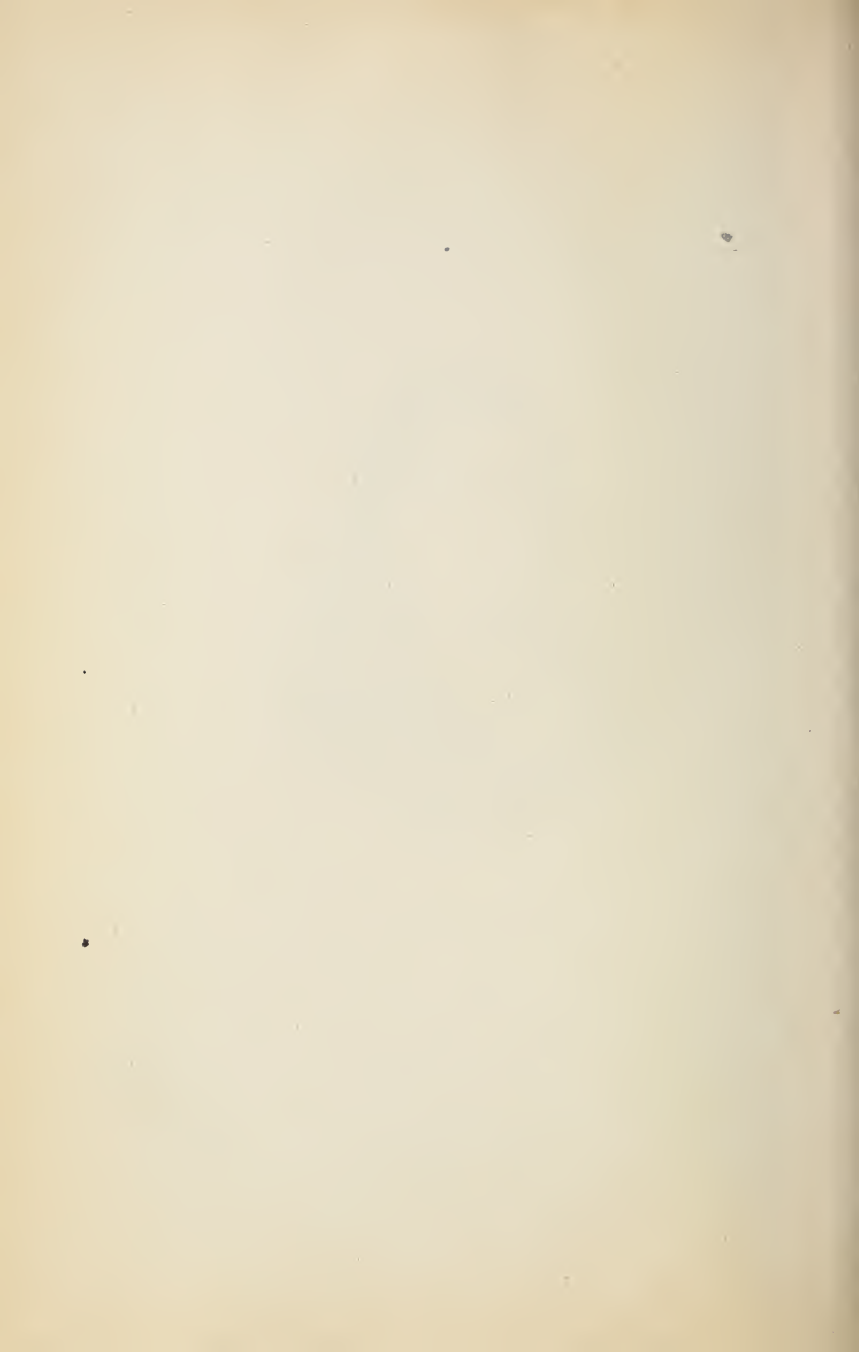
For a period of fifteen months during the years 1638 and 1639, he traveled on the continent, visiting the principal cities of France, Italy and Switzerland. He seems to have made acquaintance with men who were most illustrious for genius and learning; he visited Galileo at Florence, Grotius at Paris and the Marquis of Villa at Naples. After his return to England, he devoted the ten following years to teaching boys, for "with Milton, as with the whole Calvinistic and Puritan Europe, woman was a creature of an inferior and subordinate class."

At the request of Charles II., then an exile in France, Salmasius, an eminent scholar, published a powerful pamphlet in Latin, maintaining the divine right of kings. The Council commanded Milton to undertake a reply. Accordingly he prepared his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano." He was adjudged the superior, and received public thanks for the victory won. It is said that the death of Salmasius was hastened by the humiliation of defeat. Loss of sight had menaced Milton for years, and after his work on the preparation of his argument he became hopelessly blind.



JOHN MILTON.





Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day! "Samson Agonistes."

After the Restoration, new troubles came upon him; for through tracts and letters he had opposed to the last the return of monarchy. A proclamation was issued against him, his books were burned by the hangman and he was forced to live in concealment until the general act of indemnity was passed. From that time until his death he lived in retirement, resuming his poetical work, which he had practically abandoned in 1637, with the publication of "Lycidas."

In 1643 he married Mary Powell, but the gloom of her new home became unbearable to her, and she returned to her father's house. The estrangement continued for two years, when his friends effected a reconciliation. In 1654 his wife died, leaving three daughters, the eldest only eight years old. By his two subsequent marriages, Milton had no children. His last wife survived him for more than half a century.

His great epic, "Paradise Lost," was published in 1667. "Paradise Regained," which is little more than an ordinary paraphrase of the temptation of Christ as found in the Gospel; and "Samson Agonistes," a dramatic poem on the capture and death of Samson, were published in 1670. On the 8th of November, 1674, Milton died. He was buried in the church of St. Giles, in the west-central part of London, a few squares south of where the British Museum now stands.

Although we know much about Milton, we do not know him. In manner he was austere, even to coldness. He lived in almost complete isolation after his return from Italy, having little or no intercourse with politicians or

scholars. His imagination was defective in that warmth which could create a bond of sympathy between him and other men. Hence he could not, like Shakespeare, portray natural affections. His intellect predominated over his imagination. As a thinker he probably stands next to Shakespeare and Bacon. He was neither practical nor urbane; he was aggressive, formed for strife, not happiness.

In his early poems Milton is remarkable for beauty and perfection of rhythm. The blank verse of "Comus" is unexcelled. His best prose work is, perhaps, the "Areopagitica," a strong plea for the freedom of the press, although this work lacks the intensity of thought found in his controversial pamphlets. "Paradise Lost" has for a long time been considered his best poetical work, but the opinion seems to be growing that "Comus" is his best, while the other is his greatest. "Comus" contains the richest fruit of Milton's poetic fancy, while "Paradise Lost" was written after youthful fervor had been dead for many years. There are passages of grandeur scattered through the poem, but in spite of all our literary pride, it is dull and uninteresting as a whole. Few have ever read it all, save as a task. The first two books are by far the best. The following is a synopsis of the poem:

Book I. After the proposition of the subject,—the Fall of Man,—and a sublime invocation, the council of Satan and the infernal angels is described. Their determination to oppose the designs of God in the creation of the earth and the innocence of our first parents is then stated, and the book closes with a description of the erection of Pandemonium, the palace of Satan. Book II. records the debates of the evil spirits, the consent of Satan to undertake the enterprise of temptation, his journey to

the Gates of Hell, which he finds guarded by Sin and Death. Book III. transports us to Heaven, where, after a dialogue between God the Father and God the Son, the latter offers himself as a propitiation for the foreseen disobedience of Adam. Book IV. brings Satan to the sight of Paradise, and contains the picture of the innocence and happiness of Adam and Eve. The angels set a guard over Eden, and Satan is arrested while endeavoring to tempt Eve in a dream. He is allowed to escape. In Book V., Eve relates her dream to Adam, who comforts her. They are visited by the angel Raphael, sent to warn them; and he relates to Adam the story of the revolt of Satan and the disobedient angels. In Book VI. the narrative of Raphael is continued. Book VII. is devoted to the account of the creation of the world, given by the angel Raphael, at Adam's request. In Book VIII, Adam describes to the angel his own state and recollections, his meeting with Eve and their union. The action of Book IX. is the temptation first of Eve, and then through her, of Adam. Book X. contains the judgment and sentence of Adam and Eve. Book XI. relates the acceptance of Adam's repentance by the Almighty, Who, however, commands that Adam be expelled from Paradise. Eve laments her exile from Eden. Book XII. contains the prophetic picture of the fate of the human race from the Flood; this picture is shown to Adam by the archangel Michael. Adam is comforted by the account of the redemption of man, and by the destinies of the church. The poem terminates with the wandering forth of our first parents from Paradise.

Although the solemnity of the poem should cause weariness, it cannot but leave a vivid impression on all minds susceptible to fine influences. The stately march of

its diction; the organ-peal with which its versification rolls on; the beautiful illustrations from nature and from art; the brightly colored pictures of innocence and happiness—these give to the mind images and feelings not soon effaced. In alluding to the blending of the simple scriptural story with images in “Paradise Lost,” Lamartine pronounces the poem “the dream of a Puritan who has fallen asleep over the first pages of the Bible.” In studying the epic as a sacred poem we are impressed by a want of awe and reserve in the handling of religious mysteries. There is heroic grandeur in the Miltonic Satan which wins human sympathy. This is wrong, for the representation of the devil should be without any tinge of good, as the representation of God should be free from any tinge of evil. From a religious point of view the work is marred by its Arianism. Like Arius, Milton denies our Savior’s equality with His Father, and consequently denies the efficacy of the atonement for the sins of man. But we say of this poem what Macaulay says of Milton’s “Essay on the Doctrine of Christianity:” “The Book, were it far more orthodox or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation.”

#### PARADISE LOST.—BOOK II.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence: and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,  
His proud imagination thus display’d:

“ Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!  
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fallen,  
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,  
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,  
With what besides, in council or in fight,  
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recover'd hath much more  
Established in a safe unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior: but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns the greatest share  
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence—none whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union and firm faith and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old;  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open war or covert guile,  
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.”  
He ceased; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all. With that care lost  
Went all his fear; of God, or Hell, or worse

He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake:

“My sentence is for open war; of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not; then let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd  
Prince of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue and build up here  
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,  
In heighth or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His empire, and with iron scepter rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power, hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find



Some easier enterprise? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not), another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of Him who rules above: so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,  
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.  
Thither let us tend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,  
And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,  
And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it. Here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
The puny inhabitants; or, if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth  
Attempting, or sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub  
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
By Satan, and in part propos'd; for whence,  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Please'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Spark'd in all their eyes. With full assent  
 They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews:  
 "Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms  
 And opportune excursion, we may chance  
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,  
 Secure, and at the brightening orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom: the soft, delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world? Whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? Who shall tempt with wandering feet  
 The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,  
 Out through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send  
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Foreign Contemporaries.**—English literature during the Commonwealth was largely exclusive in its character. Although there was great literary activity at the time, it did not harmonize with the stern influences then domi-

nant. The golden age of French literature had begun. It seemed as though art, science and every effort of genius had been exhausted to make the court of Louis XIV. one of the grandest spectacles upon which men had ever gazed. The most important names on the literary roll at this time are those of Corneille, Moliere, and Racine.

**Pierre Corneille** was born in Rouen in 1606, and died in Paris in 1684. He is the founder of the classical drama in France, "Le Cid" being the first French masterpiece. Voltaire considered "Cinna" the most finished of Corneille's tragedies, but the French critics preferred "Polyeucte." Dryden referred to the "Edipus" as a failure, although the play was popular at the time of its production. Corneille's later plays did not equal his early ones.

**Moliere** was the stage name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who was born in Paris in 1622 and died there in 1673. He studied with the Jesuits in Paris, and was one of the most brilliant geniuses of all time. When not yet twenty years of age, he followed the court to Narbonne, on the memorable trip that witnessed the execution of Cinq-Mars, and the last victory of Richelieu. Thirty-one of Moliere's dramas remain; his "Precieuses Ridicules," "Misanthrope" and "Tartufe" being considered the best. He was a polished versifier, a keen delineator of character and a merciless satirist.

**Jean Baptiste Racine** was a celebrated French tragic poet, who was born at La Ferté-Milon in 1639, and who died at Paris in 1699. His early training in Greek and Latin was thorough, and his tastes ran in the direction of intellectual pursuits. His first real success as a dramatic poet was "Andromaque," which is the initial

tragedy in a long series of master-pieces; among these are "Iphigenie," "Phèdre," and "Mithridate." He also wrote two plays of great lyric beauty dealing with subjects from the Bible; they are "Esther" and "Athalie." Racine was made a member of the French Academy in 1673.

### English Contemporaries.

#### John Dryden (1631-1700).

"In argument, satire and declamatory magnificence, he is the greatest of our poets."—Craik.

"The matchless prose of Dryden is rich, various, natural, animated, pointed, lending itself to the logical as well as to the narrative and picturesque; never balking, never cloying, never wearying."—Brougham.

John Dryden was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, of a good Puritan family; he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. During the Civil War and the Commonwealth, the interests of his friends were identified with the Puritan cause, and his association with the austere and unpoetical may account for his displaying few symptoms of literary precocity. Had the Republican rule continued, he might have used his abilities to achieve position in the state, without the thought of a poetical career, but the Restoration took place just as he was ready to enter active life, and as it was necessary for him to begin the world on his own account, he chose to begin it on the winning side. Accordingly he published an ode of welcome to the returning king.

The revival of the drama had just reopened a lucrative field, and Dryden found it expedient to devote himself principally to the stage. Within the space of thirty years he produced twenty-seven plays, the most popular of which are "The Indian Emperor" and "The Conquest of



JOHN DRYDEN.



Granada :” but these dramatic efforts were for the most part failures and defiled with licentiousness. In 1667 his first narrative poem, “*Annus Mirabilis*,” attracted general attention. This poem was written to commemorate the Plague, the Fire of London and the War with the Dutch. His next production was equally fortunate ; this was an elaborate prose “*Essay on Dramatic Poetry*.” His star of fortune now rose rapidly. He enjoyed the patronage of the king ; his income was respectable ; he was the oracle of scholarly circles ; and he took an active part in public affairs. His first and best satire, “*Absalom and Achitophel*,” appeared in 1681, and the enthusiasm with which it was received confirmed Dryden’s poetical supremacy. It was written in the interests of the king’s party, attacking the policy of Chancellor Shaftesbury. As an illustration of Dryden’s keen satire, as well as his historical portraiture of character, the following description of Achitophel (Shaftesbury) is given :

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;  
A name to all succeeding ages cursed ;  
For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;  
Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;  
In power unpleased ; impatient of disgrace ;  
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o’er-informed the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity ;  
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high  
He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.  
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,  
Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,  
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?



Punish a body which he could not please;  
Bankrupt a life, yet prodigal of ease?  
In friendship false, implacable in hate;  
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

to defend the Church of England against the dissenters yet it evinced a skeptical spirit in regard to revealed religion. In 1686 he became a Roman Catholic. The good faith of this conversion has often been called in question; for it coincided suspiciously with the proselytizing measures of King James. Many circumstances, however, tend to prove its sincerity; he patiently suffered deprivation and some persecution on account of his new faith, he carefully instructed his children in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and he wrote his "Hind and Panther" in sympathy with her reverses. "If," says Sir Walter Scott, "we are to judge of Dryden's sincerity in his new faith by the determined firmness with which he retained it, we must allow him to have been a martyr, or at least a confessor in the Catholic cause."

Macaulay says: "A more complete and just estimate of Dryden's natural and acquired powers may be formed from the 'Hind and Panther' than from any of his other writings." Dryden also published versions of Juvenal and Persius, and a still weightier task, his celebrated translation of Virgil, published in 1697, which Pope hesitated not to characterize as the most noble and spirited translation he knew of in any language. The "Ode to St. Cecilia," commonly known as "Alexander's Feast," was his next effort. It is the loftiest and most imaginative of his compositions, and one of the noblest lyrics in the English language.

As a brief illustration of Dryden's prose, and of the artistic skill with which he could praise a nobleman for

the favor of accepting a dedication, the following to Lord Vaughan will, perhaps, be sufficient :

“That I have always honored you, I suppose I need not tell you at this time of day; for you know I staid not to date my respects to you from that title which you now have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your merit, than you receive from it by the name; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, because I am sure it will give me a reputation with the present age and with posterity. And now, my lord, I know you are afraid lest I should take this occasion, which lies so fair for me, to acquaint the world with some of those excellencies which I have admired in you; but I have reasonably considered that to acquaint the world is a phrase of a malicious meaning: for it would imply that the world were not already acquainted with them. You are so generally known to be above the meanness of my praises that you have spared my evidence and spoiled my compliment. Should I take for my commonplaces your knowledge both of the old and the new philosophy, should I add to these your skill in mathematics and history; and yet farther, your being conversant with all the ancient authors of the Greek and Latin tongues, as well as with the modern, I should tell nothing new to mankind; for when I have once but named you, the world will anticipate my commendations, and go faster before me than I can follow. Be therefore secure, my lord, that your own fame has freed itself from the danger of a panegyric, and only give me leave to tell you that I value the candor of your nature, and that one character of friendliness and, if I may have leave to call it, kindness in you, before all those others which make you considerable in the nation.”

Although his comedies show considerable wit, he wrote them much against his inclination, and because of the public demand for them. There are passages of rare beauty to be found in these plays; a few selections only are admissible here :

## FROM "OEDIPUS."

Oedipus.—Thus pleasure never comes sincere to man.  
 But lent by Heaven upon hard usury:  
 And while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,  
 Ere it can reach our lips it's dashed with gall  
 By some left-handed god.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the sun sets, shadows that showed at noon  
 But small, appear most long and terrible;  
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,  
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aegoe.—King Polybus is dead.

Oedipus.—Of no distemper, of no blast he died.  
 But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;  
 Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner.  
 Fate seemed to round him up for four-score years,  
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,  
 Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,  
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

## FROM "AURENG ZEBE."

Aureng Zebe.—The world is made for the bold, impious man,  
 Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.  
 Justice to merit does weak aid afford,  
 But trusts her balance, and neglects her sword.  
 Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;  
 And, while she long consults, the prize is gone.  
 When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,  
 Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit;  
 Trusts on, and think to-morrow will repay:  
 To-morrow's falser than the former day,  
 Lies worse, and while it says you shall be blessed  
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.  
 Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,

And from the dregs of life, think to receive  
What the first sprightly running could not give.

**Richard Crashaw (1616-1650).**

"Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven."—Cowley.

Richard Crashaw, the son of a London preacher, was an eminent religious poet. He was educated at Charterhouse and at Cambridge, where in 1633 he became a fellow of Peterhouse. In 1644 he was expelled from the university for not taking the covenant. He became a Roman Catholic, and after suffering great hardships from poverty in Paris, he was generously aided by his friend Cowley. He was appointed one of the canons in the Cathedral of Loretto, in Italy; a position which he retained until his death in 1650. Cowley dedicated to his memory one of the most moving and beautiful elegies ever written.

His fondness for quaint conceits has greatly dimmed a poetical reputation which force of thought and depth of feeling might otherwise have rendered a very high one. His works are characterized by energy of thought, luxuriance of imagination, a wealth of diction and noble devotional fervor. Among his best productions may be mentioned "Steps to the Temple," "Poemata Latina," "Epigrammata Sacra" and "The Delights of the Muses." His latest religious poems were published in 1652 and were called "Carmen Deo Nostro." In his "Epigrammata Sacra" is found the well-known verse relating to the miracle of Cana. A prize having been offered for the best composition on this subject, Crashaw won it by his line:

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.  
The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

## WITH A PRAYER-BOOK.

It is an armory of light.  
Let constant use but keep it bright,  
You'll find it yields  
To holy hands and humble hearts  
More words and shields  
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

## EUTHANASIA.

Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile  
Age? Wouldst see December smile?  
Wouldst see hosts of new roses grow  
In a bed of reverent snow?  
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
Winter's self into a spring?  
In some wouldst see a man that can  
Live to be old, and still a man?  
Whose latest and most leaden hours  
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft flowers;  
And when life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul and body part like friends;  
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay —  
A kiss, a sigh, and so — away;  
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?  
Hark, hither! — and thyself be he.

## ON SAINT TERESA.

O! thou undaunted daughter of desires,  
By all thy dower of lights and fires;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;  
By all thy lives and deaths of love;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;  
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;  
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire;  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;  
By all the heavens thou hast in him,  
Fair sister of the seraphim;

By all of him we have in thee,  
Leave nothing of myself in me.  
Let me so read my life, that I  
Unto all life of mine may die.

**Abraham Cowley (1618-1687).**

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart."

Abraham Cowley was a remarkable instance of intellectual precocity; when but a mere child he had a passionate admiration for the "Faery Queene," and his first poems were published when he was only fifteen years of age. He was ejected from both Cambridge and Oxford for being a Royalist; then having attached himself to the suite of Henrietta Maria, he was employed by her in Paris for many years as confidential secretary. When the Restoration was accomplished, Charles II. forgot the fidelity and self-sacrifice of Cowley, who now retired to private life at Chertsey on the Thames. He died in 1667 from the effects of a severe cold caught while he was wandering in the damp fields.

Cowley possessed a remarkably apprehensive understanding, but a feeble character. One reads a few of his minor pieces and is dazzled by the daring flights of his imagination; one conceives such a man to be capable of the greatest things. Yet it is not so; the hue of his resolution is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He began the "Davideis" at Cambridge with the intention of producing a great epic on the sufferings and glories of David; but he completed no more than four cantos and then gave up the design. It needed a more stern determination than his to bring such a work to a successful



termination. His poetical works are divided into four classes: miscellaneous, amatory verses, the "Pindaric Odes" and the "Davideis."

#### HER NAME.

With more than Jewish reverence as yet  
 Do I the Sacred Name conceal;  
 When, ye kind stars, ah! when will it be fit  
 This gentle mystery to reveal?  
 When will our love be named, and we possess  
 That christening as a badge of happiness?

So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,  
 To wear that gem on any line;  
 Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,  
 Shall any stanza with it shine.  
 Rest, mighty Name, till then; for thou must be  
 Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;  
 Then Echo's burden it shall be;  
 Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,  
 And all the rivers murmur thee;  
 Then every wind the sound shall upward bear,  
 And softly whisper't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy Name through all my verse be spread  
 Thick as the flowers in meadows lie;  
 And when in future times they shall be read  
 (As sure, I think, they will not die),  
 If any critic doubt that they be mine,  
 Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

**Samuel Butler (1612-1680).**—Samuel Butler was the son of a Worcestershire farmer, and his early life was passed in obscurity. Lack of funds shortened his stay at Cambridge, still he was there long enough to acquire some of the learning displayed in his works. He was for



several years a clerk in the office of a country justice, and afterward became a secretary in the service of the Countess of Kent. In these positions he found opportunities for study. He lived for some years in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's commanders. In this dignitary, Butler saw the most radical type of Puritan character, and he exhibited a caricature of Sir Samuel in the celebrated *Knight Hudibras*, the hero of the famous poem.

The name of *Hudibras* is taken from the old romances of chivalry, Sir Hugh de Bras being one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. The poem is a satire upon the Puritans, and he subjects them to a ridicule so keen that the work still holds an eminent place in the literature of satire. It is written, some say, on the model of "*Don Quixote*," but while Cervantes makes his hero laughable without impairing our respect for his character, Butler invests his personages with the utmost degree of odium compatible with the sentiment of the ludicrous.

Butler's style is concise and suggestive, and although no English author was ever more witty than Butler, he is utterly destitute of genial humor. His low wit and the vulgarity of his language make the reading of this poem a task rather than a pleasure, and the reader would gladly exchange it for something more dignified and less sparkling.

This unfortunate laureate of the Royalists died in 1680 at a miserable lodging-house in London, not possessing sufficient property to pay his funeral expenses. Forty years after his death a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and this tardy recognition gave rise to one of the keenest epigrams in the language :

“ Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give;  
See him when starved to death and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust;  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:  
He asked for bread and he received a stone.”

## DISTICHS FROM “HUDIBRAS” AND MISCELLANIES.

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which like ships they steer their courses.

In all trade of war no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat;  
For those that run away and fly,  
Take place at least of the enemy.

He that runs may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind  
To rest the body and the mind.

Money that, like the swords of kings,  
Is the last reason of all things.

Opinion governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind.

Loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game;  
True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon.

Things said false and never meant  
Do oft prove true by accident.

**John Bunyan (1628-1688).**— John Bunyan was the son of a poor Bedford tinker, and followed his father's trade until his eighteenth year. He grew up to manhood

with an education so meager that he barely knew how to read and write, and yet he produced a work which places him foremost among the writers of his class. At the solicitation of his wife, he joined the Baptist church of Bedford, and often availed himself of his journeyings as a tinker, to exercise the vocation of a preacher. In November, 1660, he was arrested as a non-conformist, and was imprisoned in Bedford jail. Although for a portion of the time his imprisonment was merely nominal, he was not formally liberated for twelve years. During these years of confinement he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," which, next to the Bible, is the work most widely read in England. If popularity were the test of excellence, the allegory of Bunyan would be ranked above the epic of Milton and even above the plays of Shakespeare.

Bunyan was the author of about sixty works; of these the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War" are best known. Froude says: "Bunyan was a man of natural genius who believed the Puritan form of Christianity to be completely true. He knew nothing of philosophy, nothing of history, nothing of literature." The habit of introspection gave him a self-knowledge; that made him modest, humble and shrinking; and saved him from vanity after he became the head of the Baptist community in England.

## OTHER AUTHORS OF THIS AGE.

### POETS.

Robert Herrick (1591-1634) was a fine lyric poet, but sometimes coarse. He wrote "Cherry Ripe," "Gather Rosebuds While Ye May" and other poems.

**Edmund Waller (1605-1687)** enjoyed great popularity. His poems are short, polished and refined, but full of extravagant conceits.

**William Habington (1605-1654)** belonged to a Catholic family of good standing, and was a pupil of the Jesuit College of St. Omer. The Castara of his verse is his wife, whose charms he celebrates in the purest accents of love.

#### PROSE WRITERS.

**Izaak Walton (1593-1683)** won reputation as a classical writer in his popular work, "The Complete Angler." He also wrote Lives of Wotton, Herbert and others.

**Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682)**, a quaint and powerful writer, was the author of "Religio Medici," a work which at once won distinction both at home and abroad.

**Sir William Davenant (1605-1668)** had more fame in his time than he has preserved. He succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate, and a few years later became a Roman Catholic.

**Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1673)**, was a statesman of great merit and a writer of uncommon ability. He wrote an excellent "History of the Rebellion."

**Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679)** was a great philosopher. He wrote "The Leviathan."

**John Locke (1632-1704)** was an eminent philosopher and one of the most influential thinkers of modern times. His chief work is an "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding."

**Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727)**, the great mathematician, was author of "The Principia."

**Sir William Temple (1628-1699)** was a diplomatist and a graceful essayist.

**John Evelyn, F. R. S. (1620-1706)**, wrote "Sylva," a discourse on forest trees, and "Terra," a work on agriculture.

**Samuel Pepys (1632-1703)** left an entertaining and important "Diary," which has taken a permanent place in literature.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1700-1800).

Queen Anne's reign was the Augustan age of English literature. Questions of party politics, society, life and character were discussed; and wit, ridicule and satire were employed as never before. The influence of the old school of authors gave way to correctness of form and taste. Pope's "Essay on Man" and "Essay on Criticism" are still admired. Addison and Steele in their periodicals, the *Tattler* and the *Spectator*, popularized literature, and "brought philosophy," as Steele expressed it, "out of libraries, schools, and colleges, to dwell in clubs, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses." Science now spread rapidly on every side; and the application of steam power to machinery wrought a revolution in commerce, manufactures, arts and social life.

A general coarseness existed in society; profanity was common. Among the poorer classes, children of five years of age were habitually put to work. In mines, women and children, crawling on their hands and feet in the darkness, dragged wagons of coal fastened to their waists by a chain. Military and naval discipline was maintained by the lash, and in the streets of every sea-port, the press-gang seized and carried off by force whom it pleased to be sailors on the men-of-war.

In the country the roads were so bad that winter traveling was well-nigh impossible. The stage-coach rattling along in good weather at the rate of four miles an

hour was considered a wonderful instance of the progress of the times. In all England there were only about 3,000 schools, public and private, and so late as 1818 half of the children grew up destitute of education.

This eighteenth century was a period of repose in English political history. During the whole of this period, except in the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, the nation enjoyed profound internal peace. This was the time, it might have been imagined, for the fructification of whatever germs of thought the philosophy and poetry of preceding ages had implanted. Such, however, was far from being the case. The rising of the clans in 1745 divides this into two nearly equal portions, of the first of which, Pope may be taken as the representative author; of the second, Johnson.

#### Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

"Pope's rhymes too often supply the defects of his reasons."  
—Whately.

"The most striking characteristics of his poetry are lucid arrangement of matter, closeness of argument, marvellous condensation of thought and expression, brilliancy of fancy ever supplying the aptest illustrations and language elaborately finished almost beyond example."—Alex. Dyce.

Alexander Pope was born in London of Roman Catholic parents, in the year 1688. His father, a merchant, had acquired sufficient property to retire from business and to enjoy the leisure of his rural home near Windsor. Pope's physical deformity and feeble health forbade his attending the public schools and universities of England; his education was therefore privately conducted. He states that a Mr. Walsh told him that there was one way of excelling left open to him, for though there had been many great poets, there was never one great poet who



had been correct. "He advised me to make this my study and aim." Pope followed this advice and at sixteen years of age his "Pastorals" bore witness to a correctness, which no one, not even Dryden, had possessed. Taine says: "When people observed these choice words, these exquisite arrangements of melodious syllables, this science of division and rejection, this style so fluent and pure, these graceful images rendered still more graceful by the diction, and all this artificial and many-tinted garland of flowers which Pope called pastoral, they thought of the first eclogues of Virgil."

Pope was a man of leisure; his father had left him a fair fortune; he earned a large sum by translating the "Iliad" and "Odyssey;" he had an income of eight hundred pounds. Calmly seated in his pretty house at Twickenham, in his grotto, or in the fine garden which he had planned, he could polish his writings as long as he chose. When he had written a work, he kept it at least two years in his desk. From time to time he re-read and corrected it; took counsel of his friends, then of his enemies; no new edition was unamended; he altered without wearying. His first outburst became so recast and transformed that it could not be recognized in the final copy.

Constant ill-health made Pope's temper fretful and irritable. He was a man most peculiar in his appearance; not four feet high, so small that a high-chair was placed for him at table, hunchbacked and thin, so weak that he was scarce able to hold himself erect, so sensitive to cold that he was constantly wrapped in flannels and furs. But this unfortunate man had a fine face and a glowing eye; in dress he was fastidious, his manners, too, were elegant. He had to bear the constant reminder of his physical infirmities as he looked upon the stately figures of men



ALEXANDER POPE.



who were his companions and literary rivals. On account of his helplessness, Pope was specially subject to the influence of those who surrounded him. As he was more sensitive to ridicule than were others, he was also fonder of praise. His tender-hearted mother in satisfying his craving for admiration helped him in his work. Notwithstanding his defects of character he secured the warm attachment of his friends. The relations between Pope and Swift were close and cordial. The famous dean was twenty-one years older than Pope, but there must have been a strong inherent sympathy between them. Each had all the tastes of the author and man of letters; each was audacious and satirical; each saw through and despised the hollowness of society. Swift's ambition was for power; Pope's for fame. It certainly shows some real elevation of soul in both, that two men, each so irritable, and whose very points of resemblance might have made it easier for them to come into collision, should have remained steady friends for twenty-five years. The wit, the elegance, the literary taste and political sentiments of Bolingbroke made him the object of Pope's admiration. An intimate friendship between them brought the poet under powerful and pernicious influence. To have had his distinguishing weakness nourished by his mother, to have been loved by the sturdiest, heartiest and most terrible of haters and to have received the patronage and praise of the most dashing, the most attractive and the most worthless public man of the time, was Pope's experience.

His relations to Addison were characteristic on both sides. Several trifling circumstances conspired to create an unpleasant state of feeling between them. Open unfriendliness was caused by Pope's assault on John Dennis

for his "Remarks on the Tragedy of Cato." Addison was suspected of having made this assault, and in averting suspicion from himself he quietly said that had he answered the "Remarks" he would have done it in a gentlemanly manner. Pope could not forgive this rebuke; it was too severe to be forgotten. Some time later Addison in a paper published in the "Freeholder" spoke in high terms of Pope's translation of Homer. The poet's susceptible nature was touched, and he in turn immortalized Addison in the fifth satire:

"And in our days (excuse some courtly stains)  
No whiter page than Addison remains;  
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,  
And sets the passions on the side of truth;  
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,  
And pours each human virtue in the heart."

In religious belief, Pope was a Roman Catholic, and he would not let himself be driven or persuaded into any act of formal apostasy, but there is scarcely a page of his poetry in which the leaven of that skepticism which pervaded the society in which he moved may not be traced. The religious indifferentism which he assumed had, undoubtedly, many conveniences, in an age when a profession of Catholic faith was repressed by every kind of vexatious, penal disability and the literary circle in which he lived was composed of Protestants or unbelievers. But whatever may have been the aberrations of his life, its closing scene was one of earnest faith and pious resignation. "The priest who administered the last sacrament found his penitent resigned and wrapt up in the love of God and man." Such was his fervor in the last hour, that he exerted all his strength to throw himself out of bed, in order to receive the last sacrament kneeling. He calmly expired in May, 1744.

Pope's "Essay on Criticism," which appeared in 1711, is lacking in originality though not in excellence of judgment. The "Rape of the Lock" is superior to any other mock-heroic composition. The "Dunciad" is incomparably the finest and most sweeping satire in the whole range of English literature. The most noted of his works not already mentioned are his pastoral eclogues entitled "Windsor Forest," "Moral Essays," and "Letters."

The "Essay on Man" is an argumentative poem. It seems to be a vindication of the ways of Providence in the government of the world, yet it makes God the author of moral evil, and it takes away human responsibility. Apart from its ethical faultiness, the neatness and conciseness of the language, the melody of the verse and the beauty and fidelity of the illustrations prove that if the poet has not produced a perfect model of didactic poetry, it is simply for the reason that such an object is beyond the attainment of man.

#### FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,  
"Virtue alone is happiness below."  
The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
Where only merit constant pay receives,  
Is blest in what it takes and what it gives;  
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain;  
And if it lose, attended with no pain:  
Without satiety, though e'er so blest,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God;  
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:  
Good, from each object, from each place required,  
Forever exercised, yet never tired;  
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;  
Never dejected, while another's blest;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;  
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;  
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God;  
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,  
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;  
Sees that no being any bliss can know,  
But touches some above and some below;  
Learns from this union of the rising whole,  
The first, last purpose of the human soul;  
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
All end — in love of God and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,  
And opens still, and opens in his soul;  
Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,  
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
He sees why nature plants in man alone,  
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown;  
Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find;  
Wise is her present: she connects in this  
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;  
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,  
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,  
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.  
Is this too little for the boundless heart?  
Extend it, let thy enemies have part.  
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life and sense,  
In one close system of benevolence:  
Happier as kinder in whate'er degree,  
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul  
Must rise from individual to the whole.  
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;



The center moved, a circle straight succeeds  
 Another still, and still another spreads;  
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;  
 His country next; and next all human race;  
 Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind,  
 Take every creature in, of every kind;  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along!  
 O master of the poet and the song!  
 And, while the muse now stoops or now ascends,  
 To man's low passions or their glorious ends,  
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,  
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;  
 Formed by thy converse, happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe:  
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
 Oh! while along the stream of time thy name  
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?  
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend?  
 That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art,  
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;  
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;  
 Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right;  
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim;  
 That true self-love and social are the same;  
 That virtue only makes our bliss below;  
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

**Foreign Contemporaries.**—In France the eighteenth century was pre-eminently an age of infidelity and skepticism. Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, as well as Diderot, D'Alembert and the other liberal thinkers who wrote

upon the Encyclopedia, while they urged the doctrines of freedom and the natural rights of man, recklessly assaulted time-honored creeds and institutions.

In Germany, Lessing, Winckelman, Klopstock and other patriots, endeavored to create a reaction against French influence, but skepticism had become rampant in Germany. Among those more immediately in contact with the prevailing spirit were Kant, Fichte and Hegel.

Kant is the founder of modern transcendentalism. He taught that we can only know phenomena, that the noumenon of essence is beyond our knowing, that time and space are mere subjective conditions of thinking. He created an abyss between the metaphysical reason and the practical reason, and then attempted to reconcile them over the chasm.

Fichte destroyed all objectivity, and basing all knowledge upon the Ego — self — he found himself incompetent to assert more than his own identity, and he thus ended in subjective pantheism.

Hegel taught that all nature, both the material and spiritual world, is a manifestation of the Idea which he calls reason in philosophy, and the world-spirit in history. In his philosophy, we are parts of the great whole — the all-absorbing Absolute, necessitated by our nature to seek freedom for freedom's sake, and for the benefit of those coming after us; and after our share of the work shall have been accomplished, we will be merged into the primordial substance whence we emanated. He ignores the most strongly attested principles of thought and existence, and heeds not the loudest asseverations of human nature concerning its future destiny, the immortal spark that gives it life and the personal God from whom it came.

## English Contemporaries.

## Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

"The most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—Addison.

"Swift was in person tall, strong and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline and features which well expressed the stern, haughty and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never known to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterized by the well-known lines of Shakespeare:

'Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.'

Indeed, the whole description of Cassius might be applied to Swift."—Sir Walter Scott.

Jonathan Swift, or Dean Swift, as he is usually called, was born in Dublin of English parents. His father died in poverty, and Swift as a child became dependent upon the precarious charity of relatives. His uncle sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, and here after irregular and desultory study he received his degree in 1685 with the unfavorable notice that it was conferred as a special favor, indicating that his conduct had not satisfied the college authorities.

In 1688 he became secretary to Sir William Temple, and here, with a salary of twenty pounds a year, he spent ten years amidst the humiliations of servitude and the familiarity of the servants' hall. This life was galling to Swift's haughty spirit, but he employed his leisure moments in study and extensive reading, thus correcting the defects of his earlier education. On the death of Sir William Temple, Swift became the literary executor of his patron, and prepared numerous works for the press. These, with a preface and dedication written by himself,

he presented to William III., expecting an appointment, but he got nothing, and fell back upon the position of chaplain to the Earl of Berkely. The earl promised him the Deanery of Derry, but gave it to another. Driven to politics, Swift wrote in the interests of the Whig party a pamphlet, "Dissensions in Athens and Rome," and received from Lord Halifax and other party leaders, a score of fine promises which were never fulfilled.

"The Tale of a Tub," his first important work, was published in 1704, but was written in 1696. It is one of the wittiest and coarsest polemical works ever written. The title as explained by Swift means that, as sailors throw out a tub to a whale to keep him amused, and to prevent him from running foul of their ship, so, in this treatise, his object is to afford such temporary diversion to the wits and freethinkers of the day as may restrain them from injuring the state by propagating wild theories in religion and politics. It is a savage pasquinade ridiculing the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians and exalting the High Anglican party.

"The Battle of the Books" is Swift's contribution to the controversy on the respective merits of classical and modern literature.

His advocacy of Whig principles, never very hearty, came to an end in 1710. He regarded Ireland with detestation and was eager for a promotion that would enable him to reside in England. But his hopes were not fulfilled; he therefore abandoned his party, and became a Tory. He now used all his powers of sophistry and all the stores of his fancy to kindle a feeling of enthusiasm for the Tory statesmen. As a reward he received the Deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin. He was received with contempt

in Ireland, but after he had written the famous "Drapier Letters," the tide of feeling turned in his favor. These letters, signed M. B. Drapier, were inserted in a Dublin newspaper. The occasion was the attempt of the English ministry to force the circulation of copper money in Ireland. Swift persuaded the people not only to refuse to take it, but to refrain from using any English manufactures whatever. It was about this time that he wrote "Gulliver's Travels," ostensibly a tale, in reality a political pamphlet. It exhibits a singular mixture of misanthropy, satire and humor, together with unpardonable grossness.

The "Journal to Stella" is a curious and intimate correspondence with Esther Johnson, a beautiful young girl who resided with the Temple family, and to whom Swift gave instruction. They were privately married in 1716. The poem "Cademus and Vanessa" was addressed to Hester Vanhomrigh, a lady whose intellectual education he directed, and who conceived for him an ardent passion, which he described, while he checked, in this poem. The disappointment of her hopes, added to the discovery of his private marriage to Stella, brought poor Vanessa to the grave. The death of Stella, one of the few beings whom he ever really loved, happened in 1728; and the loss of many friends further contributed to intensify the gloom of his spirit. He had suffered occasionally from giddiness, and after Stella's death the attacks were more frequent and more severe. Deafness deprived him of the pleasure of conversation. Forebodings of insanity tormented him until they were cruelly verified. In 1741 he passed into a state of idiocy that lasted without interruption until his death, in 1745. He is buried in the Cathedral of St. Patrick and over his grave is inscribed that terrible

epitaph composed by himself, in which he speaks of resting "*ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*"<sup>1</sup>

Swift will ever be regarded as one of the masters of English prose, and his poetical works will give him a place among the poets of the age.

#### FROM THE "CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES."

"But, when the war was once begun there soon fell in other incidents here at home, which made the continuance of it necessary for those who were the chief advisers. The Whigs were at that time out of all credit or consideration; the reigning favorites had always carried what was called the Tory principle at least as high as our constitution could bear, and most others in great employments were wholly in the church interest. These last, among whom several were persons of the highest merit, quality, and consequence, were not able to endure the many instances of pride, insolence, avarice, and ambition which those favorites began so early to discover, nor to see them presuming to be the sole dispensers of the royal favor. However, their opposition was to no purpose; they wrestled with too great a power, and were crushed under it. For those in possession, finding they could never be quiet in their usurpations while others had any credit who were at least upon an equal foot of merit, began to make overtures to the discarded Whigs, who would be content with any terms of accommodation. Thus commenced this Solemn League and Covenant, which hath ever since been cultivated with so much zeal and application. The great traders in money were wholly devoted to the Whigs who had first raised them. The army, the court and the treasury continued under the old despotic administration; the Whigs were received into employment, left to manage the Parliament, cry down the landed interest and worry the church. Meantime our allies who were not ignorant that all this artificial structure had no true foundation in the hearts of the people, resolved to make their best use of it as long as it should last. And the general's credit being raised to a great height at home by our success in Flanders, the Dutch began their gradual

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<sup>1</sup> Where fierce indignation no longer lacerates the heart.



impositions, lessening their quotas, breaking their stipulations, garrisoning the towns we took for them, without supplying their troops, with many other infringements, all which we were forced to submit to, because the general was made easy, because the moneyed men at home were fond of the war, because the Whigs were not yet firmly settled and because the exorbitant degree of power which was built upon a supposed necessity of employing particular persons would go off in a peace. It is needless to add that the emperor and other princes followed the example of the Dutch, and succeeded as well for the same reasons."

**Joseph Addison (1672-1719).**

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."— Samuel Johnson.

Joseph Addison, the son of Lancelot Addison, a clergyman of some reputation, was born at Milston in Wiltshire, in 1672. In his early years he was sent to the Charterhouse school, and when fifteen years of age he entered Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his scholarship and by his taste for Latin poetry. In his twenty-second year he made his first attempt in English verse; this was an "Address to Dryden," by which the old poet's friendship was won. A eulogistic poem on William III., gained for the young author a pension of three hundred pounds. He at once left England that he might cultivate his tastes by travel. Soon after his return he published his "Travels in Italy," a work which displays great hostility to Catholicism. The death of William III. deprived Addison of his pension, and he returned to London, where he lived in poverty, but with that dignified patience and quiet reserve which made his character so estimable.

His next composition was the "Campaign," a poem celebrating the victory of Blenheim. It was written at the request of Godolphin, then lord treasurer, who when he



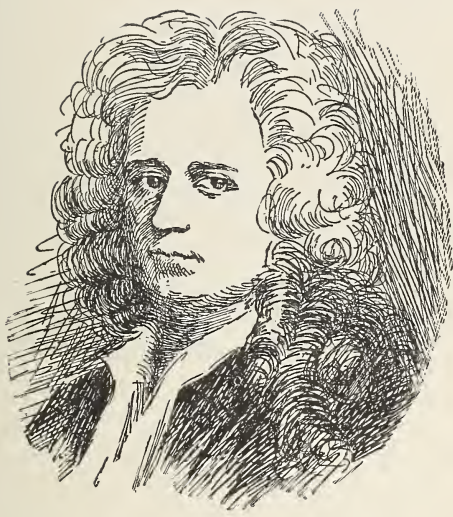
saw the passage in which Addison compares the victorious Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind, immediately made Addison a commissioner of appeals. The famous passage runs thus:

“So when an angel by divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o’er pale Britannia past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,  
And, pleased the Almighty’s orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.”

From the writing of that successful poem, the career of Addison was brilliant and prosperous. He was appointed under-secretary of state, and afterward chief secretary for Ireland.

Addison won no distinction as a member of the House of Commons, or as a public officer. His timidity prevented him from speaking with effect, and his powers of conversation deserted him when in the presence of more than two or three hearers. In 1716, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, to whose son he had been tutor, but the union seems not to have added to the happiness of either. He would often escape from the elegance of Holland House to spend his days and nights with old friends in the clubs and coffee-houses. He died at the early age of forty-seven. A distressing asthma had afflicted his closing years, and other trials had attended him; but his serene and gentle spirit lost none of its patience.

The fertility of invention displayed in his charming papers published in the *Tattler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the variety of their subjects, and the felicity of their treatment will ever place them among the masterpieces of



JOSEPH ADDISON.



fiction and of criticism. His delineations of character are wonderfully delicate. That inimitable personage, Sir Roger de Coverley, is a perfectly finished picture worthy of Cervantes or of Walter Scott. His tragedy of "Cato" is strictly classical in form, but is stiff and frigid. It is now comparatively neglected, although it abounds with fine passages. As a poet, Addison does not take the highest rank.

## CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well —  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the Soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,  
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when or where? — This world was made for Cæsar,  
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote are both before me.  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The Soul secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger and defies its point:  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

**Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729).**

Sir Richard Steele, the associate and friend of Addison, was born in Dublin in 1672. Under the patronage of the Duke of Ormonde he was placed in the Charterhouse school, and there made his first acquaintance with Addison, whose diligence and success he admired but failed to imitate. He entered Oxford, but after a short stay there enlisted in the Horse-Guards. This rash act cost him a fortune, for on account of this a wealthy relative revoked a will which would have made Steele a rich man. Though he led a life of dissipation, his benevolence was deep, and his aspirations were lofty; but his passions were strong, and he was always ready to sacrifice his welfare for the whim of the moment. When he became a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers, he astonished the town by his wild extravagance, but for this he was not without remorse. He wrote a moral treatise entitled "The Christian Hero," which contained the loftiest sentiments of piety and virtue. He intended this work to be an expression of his reform, and a means of effecting it, but the taunts of his fellow-officers made him fall back into his old habits.

Being an ardent partisan pamphleteer he was employed by the Whigs to write the *Gazette* during the war of the Spanish succession. The nature of his employment suggested the design of the *Tattler*, a tri-weekly sheet, giving the latest items of news and with them a tale or an essay. Thus to Steele belongs the credit of having founded English periodical literature. The success of the *Tattler* being decisive, it was followed by the *Spectator*, the plan of which was projected by Addison,

assisted by Steele. Steele's essays, though teeming with originality and freshness, lack the finish and grace which mark those of Addison. Nature had done more for Steele; Addison's steady application to his art more than compensated for his lesser gifts of genius.

Steele figured prominently in the politics of the time; he became a member of Parliament, but was expelled for seditious language. Under George I., his zeal was rewarded by knighthood, and he had several lucrative appointments, but his extravagance and his carelessness in money matters kept his purse empty. Early in his literary career he produced three comedies, which had little success. His last literary work was "The Conscious Lovers," a comedy which was received with great enthusiasm in 1722. The last years of his life were spent in Wales, on a small estate left to him by indulgent creditors. Here he died of paralysis in 1729.

#### Samuel Johnson (1709-1784)

"A mass of genuine manhood."—Carlyle.

"The special title of moralist in English literature is accorded by the public voice to Johnson, whose bias to Catholicity is well known."—Cardinal Newman.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield in 1709. His father was a native of Derbyshire, but had settled in Lichfield as a bookseller. After having received the rudiments of a classical education at various country schools, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in the year 1728. His father about this time suffered heavy losses in business, in consequence of which Johnson had to struggle for many years against the deepest poverty. Nor were either his mental or bodily constitution so healthful and vigorous as to compensate for the frowns of fortune.



Leaving the University, he attempted to support himself by teaching, but he was unsuccessful and turned his attention to literary work. In 1735 he married a Mrs. Porter, a widow, and going to London he contributed many papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. From 1747 to 1755 he was engaged in the preparation of his most famous work, "A Dictionary of the English Language." He had promised to complete it in three years; but the labor was arduous, and seven years were spent in getting its pages ready for the printer.

The once famous moral tale, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," he wrote in the nights of one week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. The manners and scenery of the story are not those of Abyssinia nor of any other country, and the book is but a series of reflections embodying the author's ideas on a great variety of subjects. Johnson said that had he seen the "Candide" of Voltaire he should not have written "Rasselas," as the two works go over the same ground, both picturing a world full of misery and sin. But Voltaire uses the fact to excite a sneer at religion; Johnson, on the contrary, as an argument for our faith in a coming immortality.

Johnson founded and carried on alone, two periodical papers in the style that Addison and Steele had rendered so popular. These, the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, together with other works which appeared from time to time, and above all, his unrivaled excellence as a talker, made his company eagerly sought after by persons of all ranks. After the accession of George III., he received a pension of three hundred pounds a year. In 1781 he published "The Lives of the Poets." It abounds in passages of the finest criticism, but the choice of lives was determined by the likelihood of popularity; many of the greatest names





SAMUEL JOHNSON.



in our literature have been omitted. Among his poems, the satire called "London," an imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, and the didactic poem on "The Vanity of Human Wishes," are the most deserving of notice.

He was for many years haunted by a morbid fear of death, but when the dread moment approached, he became unusually patient and gentle. He ceased to think with terror of death and of that which lies beyond death and trusted in the mercy of God. He died on the 13th of December, 1784, and a week afterward was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson's character shows a blending of prejudice and liberality, of skepticism and cruelty. In common breeding he was sadly lacking; his dress, his motion, his voice, his face, his manner of eating — all were offensive. The blending of greatness and meanness puzzles us until we remember that his severe schooling in poverty developed the noble and the adverse traits together. When, weary and lame, he reached the top of the ladder by which he had climbed from obscurity to fame, he had brought with him the offensive traits of his lowly life. His style was so peculiar that it has received the distinguishing name of "Johnsonese." Short words had no charm for him, sonorous Latin derivatives and carefully elaborated sentences were marshaled in honor of his thoughts. Goldsmith once said to him: "If you were to write a story about little fishes, Doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." In fact his thought is developed with the regularity and splendor of a procession. His famous letter to Lord Chesterfield is in striking contrast with his general style.

"My Lord: I have lately been informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive nor in what terms to acknowledge. Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, one smile of favor. \* \* \* The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself. Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord.

"Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

As a man Johnson possessed admirable traits of character. His heart was tender to those who wanted relief, and his soul was susceptible of gratitude and of every kind impression. His veracity, in the most trivial as in the most solemn occasions, was strict even to severity, and he scorned to embellish a story with fictitious circumstances. His stern integrity, his love of argument and of society, his repartee and brow-beating, all helped to make him a man of mark in his time. But his mind is not seen in its full light, if we do not add to the productions of his pen, the record of his colloquial wit and eloquence and the

complete portraiture, both inward and outward, preserved in the pages of his biographer, Boswell.

Johnson's poem on the "Vanity of Human Wishes" is an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal. The striking passage on Hannibal ("Expende Hannibalem," etc.) is transferred to Charles XII. of Sweden. The lines will bear quotation:

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;  
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;  
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain;  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in solitary state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;  
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemned, a needy suppliant to wait;  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
But did not chance at length her error mend?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress and a dubious hand:  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

**Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).**

"No man was ever so foolish, when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."—Samuel Johnson.

"Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity."—W. M. Thackeray.

Oliver Goldsmith, the most charming and versatile writer of the eighteenth century, was born at Pallas, County of Longford, Ireland, in the year 1728. His father was a curate of the Established Church, and is described in the characters of the Man in Black in "The Citizen of the World," the Preacher in "The Deserted Village," and Dr. Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield." At the age of eighteen Oliver obtained a servant's scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin. He neglected his studies, and became noted for his disobedience to authority and for his improvidence. After four years at the university, he tried successively the professions of teacher, clergyman, lawyer and physician, but failed in all. In 1755-6 he traveled on foot through Flanders, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and returned to England in poverty but still hopeful and happy. In 1762 he published "The Citizen of the World," which was originally contributed to the Public Ledger in the form of letters supposed to be written by a Chinese philosopher resident in England.

His didactic poem "The Traveler" appeared in 1765, at which time he had long been settled in London, doing miscellaneous literary work for the booksellers. This poem was the beginning of his uninterrupted literary success. His writings were sought by publishers, who were ready to pay him generous prices, but his folly and his improvidence kept him always in debt. Great intellectual





OLIVER GOLDSMITH.





growth is visible in "The Deserted Village," which appeared in 1770. This, his finest poem, made him famous.

Goldsmith is the author of two amusing comedies, "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," the latter being one of the gayest, most amusing plays that the English stage can boast. "The Vicar of Wakefield," a much admired domestic novel, is, in spite of the absurdity of the plot, one of those works that the world will not let die. The gentle and quiet humor embodied in the simple Dr. Primrose, the delicate yet vigorous contrast of character in the other personages, the purity, cheerfulness and gayety which envelop all the scenes and incidents, insure the immortality of the work. His histories were hurriedly written and are valueless as authorities, yet for their grace of composition and vivacity of narration they have had an extensive sale.

In genuine and overflowing benevolence of heart, few men have surpassed Goldsmith, but his want of high moral and religious tone is to be deplored. He was subject to depression of spirits, and in 1774, continued vexation of mind, arising perhaps from pecuniary troubles, brought on a nervous fever of which he died in his forty-sixth year. His grave was not marked by any inscription, and it cannot now be found, but his hosts of friends erected to his memory a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The characteristics of Goldsmith are thus described by Dr. Johnson: "A man of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

**Thomas Gray (1716-1771).**—Thomas Gray was born at Cornhill, London, in 1716. His father is described as a money-scrivener; we should say now-a-days, he was a member of the stock exchange. Gray received his education at Eton and at Cambridge. After leaving Cambridge he traveled on the continent with a fellow-student, Horace Walpole, son of the Prime Minister. Gray described this journey in a series of letters, which are models of epistolary correspondence. He acquired a literary reputation by his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," published in 1747. This was followed by "The Bard," the "Progress of Poesy," the "Ode to Adversity," and other brilliant productions. The famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was first published in a magazine in 1750. The melancholy beauty of these lovely lines is enhanced by the purity of the style. The thoughts are

obvious enough, but the finished grace of the language and versification in which they are embodied gives to the work the perfection of design and execution which is seen in an antique statue.

In 1768 he obtained the professorship of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. In 1771, while dining in the college hall, he was seized with the illness of which he died in a few days. He was buried by the side of his mother, in Stoke, a village of Buckinghamshire.

#### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor, circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on th' accustomed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne,  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear;  
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.



No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

**Edmund Burke (1730-1797).**

"Take up whatever topic you please, Burke is always ready to meet you."—Dr. Johnson.

"He made himself everywhere the champion of principle and the persecutor of vice; and men saw him bring to the attack all the forces of his wonderful knowledge, his lofty reason, his splendid style, with the unwearying and untempered ardor of a moralist and a knight."—Taine.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin and spent many of his early days near the ruins of Spenser's famous castle of Kilcolman. He was educated at Trinity College; he also spent some time at the English Catholic College of St. Omer. His father, Richard Burke, an Irish attorney, was at one time a Catholic, but apostatized in order to retain his office. As a boy Edmund Burke was distinguished for his love of study, and for his remarkable powers of comprehension and retention. "When we were at play," wrote his brother Richard, "he was always at work."

His first publication was anonymous, and was entitled "A Vindication of Natural Society," an ironical imitation of the style and sentiments of Lord Bolingbroke. So perfect was the imitation that the most eminent critics of the day did not detect its intense irony, but pronounced it a genuine posthumous work of Lord Bolingbroke, which he had not dared to publish during his lifetime. In pursuing Bolingbroke's reasoning, Burke reached the conclusion that society itself is evil, and that only the savage state is conducive to virtue and happiness.



In 1757 he published "An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," which placed him in the first class of writers on taste and criticism. This work has since been regarded as one of the classics in our literature.

His political career was one of honor and activity. During the agitated periods of the American and the French Revolution, he was one of the most prominent debaters. In the contest between England and our country he devoted himself to the defense of the colonies. He advocated the freedom of the press and the abolition of the slave trade; and his action in the trial of Warren Hastings will forever identify his name with whatever is great, elevated and just in statesmanship and legislation.

His incomparable work, "Reflections on the French Revolution," was written with anxious care and masterly skill. Its success repaid his labor, for it was read far and wide, and was influential in checking the dangerous tendencies of the age. His last work, "Letters on a Regicide Peace," was published a few months before his death, and is distinguished by its wisdom and far-seeing sagacity.

Burke's domestic comfort was irretrievably impaired, and his life probably shortened, by the death of his son in 1794. In his celebrated "Letter to a Noble Lord" he speaks thus of his loss: "I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane hath scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors: I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it." In July, 1797, he calmly expired at his country

seat of Beaconsfield, retaining the perfect possession of his faculties to the last.

The writings of Edmund Burke are the only political writings of a past age that continue to be read with interest in the present; and they are now, perhaps, more studied and better appreciated than when first produced. His diction was rich and varied, but the length of his speeches, their copiousness, abundance of ornament and wide field of speculation produced impatience in men of business absorbed in the particular subject of debate. He was ever a bold, uncompromising champion of justice, mercy and truth, impartial in judgment, unswayed by political doctrine.

From his —

#### SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. There are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from your allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone — the cohesion is loosened — and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces toward you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your

true interest and your mutual dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world.

Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made and must still preserve the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution—which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

**William Cowper (1731-1800).**—William Cowper, the poet of home-life and domestic affections, was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1731. The early death of his mother caused him to be sent at the age of six years to a school conducted by Dr. Titman. Here the timid child was for two years persistently and often cruelly tormented

by the older pupils. For seven years he attended the famous Westminster school, where he was comparatively happy. Cowper's father wished him to study for the bar; but his unfitness for that profession becoming manifest, he was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords. An overpowering nervousness prevented him from discharging the duties of this post; at the thought of presenting himself for a formal examination he fell into despondency and attempted suicide. He recovered from this attack, but was so shaken by it that he was unfitted for public life, and he retired to the country. He placed himself under the care of the family of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman of Huntingdon. Cowper's virtues and accomplishments secured for him the good-will of all, and especially won the tender and life-long friendship of Mrs. Unwin.

Cowper was a believer in the gloomy religious doctrines of Calvin, and was tormented with despair concerning eternal salvation. As a pastime, and as a means of diverting his melancholy thoughts, he prepared a volume of poems for the press, and then pursued as a profession what he had at first taken up as a diversion. He was more than fifty years of age when his first volume was published. It contained long didactic poems, the principal topics being "Truth," "Hope," "Charity" and "Conversation." At this time he met Lady Austin, who urged him to write his now famous ballad "John Gilpin." She next gave him "The Sofa" as a theme, and thus started him in the composition of his masterpiece, "The Task," a reflective poem in six books.

His translation of Homer appeared in 1791. It was his most laborious and least successful undertaking. Disappointed at the reception of this work, he meditated a

revision of it, but his dread malady returned and the last years of his life were shrouded in its awful gloom. His "Letters" are famous and occupy the first rank in epistolary literature.

Cowper's art is certainly defective; he seems to have believed that poetry has no rules. His versification is careless; and to rhythm and choice of words he pays far too little attention.

"THE WINTER WALK AT NOON."

Now at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
The season smiles resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud and white without a speck,  
The dazzling splendor of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;  
And through the trees I view th' embattled tower,  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains  
And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
The roof, though movable through all its length,  
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
And intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
Charms more than silence. Meditation here



May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books.  
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge a rude, unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.  
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.

From "The Task," Book VI.

**Robert Burns (1750-1796).** — Robert Burns was born in the hamlet of Alloway in Ayrshire, Scotland, and was the son of a peasant farmer of the humblest class. He received the best training his parish school could offer, and impelled by an eagerness for knowledge, he read some of the masterpieces of our literature. Until his twenty-eighth year he continued a weary struggle against poverty, and then resolved to seek his fortune in the West Indies. In order to raise money to defray the expenses of the voyage he published a volume of poems, but his work became so popular that he abandoned the idea of leaving Scotland. For two years he was lionized in the Scotch capital, then, after his marriage to Jean Armour, he was appointed exciseman. Unfortunately for him, this office threw in his way many temptations to intemperance. He removed to Dumfries. Here he became a slave to intemperance; disappointment and self-reproach preyed upon him; want stared him in the face; and in his thirty-



ROBERT BURNS.





seventh year, this greatest of Scotch poets, having become a mere wreck of his former self, sank into an untimely grave.

The poetical powers of Burns were of a high order, but for want of culture they failed to accomplish what they had at first promised. His best poems are "Tam O'Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Twa Dogs," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Bonnie Doon."

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON  
THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea:  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bower,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis wild wi' mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae;  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang,  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang!

I was the Queen o' bonny France,  
 Where happy I hae been;  
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
 As blithe lay down at e'en;  
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
 And mony a traitor there;  
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine;  
 And may those fortunes gild thy reign  
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!  
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
 Or turn their hearts to thee:  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me!

Oh! soon to me may summer suns  
 Nae mair light up the morn!  
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!  
 And in the narrow house o' death  
 Let winter round me rave;  
 And the flowers that deck the spring  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

## OTHER WRITERS OF THIS AGE.

### POETS.

**Edward Young (1681-1765)** owes his place in literature to his poem "Night Thoughts." Many expressions from his writings have passed into the colloquial language of society; as, "Procrastination is the thief of time," "all men think all men mortal but themselves."

**Allan Ramsey (1685-1758)** was a Scotch poet, who wrote in the dialect of his country a pastoral poem, "The Gentle Shepherd."

**John Gay (1688-1732)** still retains favor by his "Fables." "The Beggar's Opera," the pioneer of English operatic works, has been condemned for its licentiousness.

**James Thompson (1700-1748)** is the author of "The Seasons," a deservedly popular poem.

**William Collins (1721-1750)** was a fine lyric poet, author of "Ode to the Passions," a poem exquisitely felicitous in conception.

**Mark Akenside (1721-1770)** is well remembered for his philosophical poem "Pleasures of the Imagination."

**Thomas Chatterton (1750-1770)** was a precocious genius, who deceived nearly all the critics of his age by imposing upon them as manuscripts of the fifteenth century tales and poems written by himself.

#### PROSE WRITERS.

**Richard Challoner (1691-1781)** vicar apostolic of the London district, became a convert at an early age. As a missionary priest, and later as a bishop, he was an admirable example of fidelity to duty. His principal work is his revision of the Rheims-Douay Bible, in which he substituted modern for antiquated terms.

**Alban Butler (1700-1773)** was a Catholic priest and an eminent hagiographer. His "Lives of the Saints," completed after thirty years of labor, is a monumental work.

**Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780)** was an eminent English jurist. His "Commentaries on the Laws of England" was the first systematic work which gave the elementary and historical knowledge necessary for the study.

**Adam Smith (1723-1790)** was the founder of the science of Political Economy in Europe. His "Wealth of Nations" is his most important work.

**Letters of Junius.**—A series of satirical letters directed against the Tory ministry appeared in the *London Advocate* from 1769 to 1772. The annals of political controversy show nothing more fierce than these lampoons, and their influence was unbounded.

**Horace Walpole (1719-1787)**, son of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated statesman, is best known by his "Letters" and "Memories."

**Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)** was a brilliant dramatist, and a great parliamentary orator. His principal plays are "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals" and "The Critic."

**David Hume (1711-1776)** was a distinguished Scotchman. His "History of Great Britain" displays beauty of style, but it is disfigured by the intolerant spirit with which it maligns Catholicism.

**Edward Gibbon (1736-1794)** is another great infidel writer whose works are dangerous to the faith and offensive to the tastes of a Christian. In his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" he openly assails Christianity.

**William Robertson (1721-1793)** wrote the "History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI.," "History of the Reign of Charles V.," and "The History of America."

**Daniel Defoe (1661-1731)** author of "Robinson Crusoe," is regarded by many as the founder of the English novel. He wrote two hundred and ten books and pamphlets; of some of these Macaulay says: "They are worse than immoral; quite beastly."

**Samuel Richardson** (1689-1767) is one of the prominent novelists of the eighteenth century. He wrote "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison."

**Henry Fielding** (1707-1754) shares with Richardson the prominence as a novel-writer in this century. His principal works are "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," "Jonathan Wild," and "Amelia," all unfit for perusal, owing to the coarseness of the pictures and the indelicacy of the language.

**Tobias George Smollett** (1721-1771) was another writer whose works are spoiled by their licentiousness. His principal works are "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker."

**Lawrence Sterne** (1713-1768) is the author of "Tristram Shandy," "Sentimental Journey," and a collection of "Sermons."

**Hannah More** (1745-1833) wrote much both in prose and verse, and was at all times influential for good. Her principal works are "The Search for Happiness," "Coelebs in Search of a Wife," and "Practical Piety."

**Lady Mary Wortley Montague** (1690-1762) was a friend of Pope, and a famous society woman of this century.

## CHAPTER V.

### MODERN TIMES (1800-1895).

In the early part of the present century the triumphal career of Napoleon Bonaparte excited the fears of England, causing her to take part in the wars waged between France and the other continental powers. In 1805 the great Admiral Nelson won the memorable naval battle of Trafalgar. At length the long contest ended in the downfall of Napoleon in the battle of Waterloo, 1815.

During the eighteenth century the Irish Parliament, composed of Protestants of an exceedingly bitter type, had heaped upon the Catholics of Ireland an accumulation of the most unjust laws that had ever been expressed in the English tongue. In 1828, owing to the efforts of the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, the Test Act was repealed, and the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed, admitting Catholics to a place in Parliament. Victoria, niece of William IV., ascended the throne of England in 1837. The principal events of her reign are the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England; the war in the Crimea in 1854, fought by England and France in defense of Turkey against the attacks of Russia and won by the allies; the mutiny of the native troops in English pay (the Sepoys) in India; the disestablishment of the English State Church in Ireland, thus removing the heavy burden of the support of a Protestant church from a Catholic people. This reign has also witnessed the organization of the Land League, for the purpose of effect-



ing by legitimate means a permanent amelioration in the condition of the Irish peasantry. In 1870, education was made compulsory, school boards were established in every district, and the support of the schools was provided for by taxation.

In common with the rest of the civilized world, England has advanced in manufacturing and commercial prosperity, and has benefited by the increase and perfecting of innumerable inventions which contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of mankind. The printing press at the opening of the century was but a rude machine, in which little improvement had been made since the days of Caxton; one hundred and fifty copies an hour was the limit of its working power. In our day, one machine driven by steam can cut, print and fold 25,000 newspapers in one hour.

English literature, moulded by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, polished and refined by Pope and Addison, has reached in this country the zenith of excellence. There never was a time when men wrote so much and so well. Unfortunately both prose and poetry are often made the vehicle of many dangerous theories and false sentiments. Under cover of liberality are disguised thoughts against the divine teachings of religion; while again men of profound scientific attainments will teach openly that the truths of science are incompatible with those of revealed religion. The result is an alarming growth of agnosticism and infidelity: therefore when we see the inextricable maze of error in which others are entangled, we should revere and love the more our infallible guide, we should rejoice in the possession of a Holy Faith and feel that for it all the treasures of literature, science and philosophy could give but a poor exchange.

**William Wordsworth (1770-1850).**

"Him who uttered nothing base."—Tennyson.

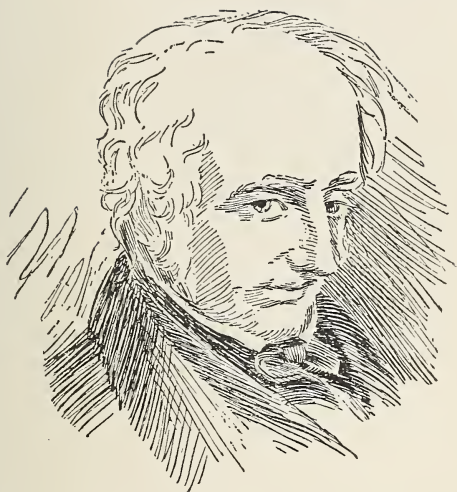
"Whatever the world may think of me or of my poetry is now of little consequence; but one thing is a comfort of my old age, that none of my works contain a line which I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature. This is a comfort to me; I can do no mischief by my works when I am gone."—William Wordsworth.

William Wordsworth was born in Cumberland, England, in 1770. He was left an orphan very early in life, and in his ninth year was sent to a school in Hawkshead, the most picturesque district in Lancashire. After having taken his degree at Cambridge in 1791, he went to France and eagerly embraced the ideas of the champions of liberty in that country. His political sentiments were soon modified, however, and he settled down into steady conservatism. At the death of Southey, in 1843, Wordsworth was made poet laureate.

He was from the first in easy circumstances, and had a small fortune. Happily married, he lived peacefully on the margin of a beautiful lake, in sight of noble mountains, in the pleasant retirement of an elegant house, amidst the admiration and attentions of distinguished and chosen friends, engrossed by contemplations which no storm came to distract, and by poetry which was produced without any hindrance.

He saw a grandeur, a beauty, a teaching in the trivial events which weave the woof of our most commonplace days. He needed not, for the sake of emotion, either splendid sights or unusual actions. After a tranquil and uneventful life he died at Rydal Mount in 1850.

Never has there been a poet more reverently loved by those who have given him deep study, and less liked by



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



those who know him but little. We do not find perfection in Wordsworth, not the sweet cadence of melodies that require no intellectual effort; not poems, like the paintings of some moderns, where one finds all the skill and color that could be desired, but not the soul of the artist. It is true that his theory of poetic thought, without poetic expression, was an exaggeration, and he himself in some of his finer passages did not adhere to the theory. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. He describes thus, the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel:

“ But from the arms of silence — list! O list —  
The music bursteth into second life;  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
With sound or ghost of sound, in mazy strife!”

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

His earliest works were in imitation of the style of Pope and Spenser. His “Lyrical Ballads,” published in 1798, were intended as an experiment on a new system of poetry. They were, through principle, written on the humblest subjects, and in the language of the humblest life; but the attempt was not a success. “Peter Bell,” published in 1819, was received with a shout of ridicule. It is meant to be serious, but there is so much farcical absurdity of detail and language that the reader revolts. His longest poem, “The Excursion,” is a fragment of an unfinished epic.

Should we learn to love Wordsworth's poetry, and understand how his thought is to be valued above poetic chaff, we must thank heaven for the precious gift. As in painting, he who sees through the color and form and grasps the fullness of what they were intended to represent; or he, who in music discerns over and above the melody a deeper meaning coming from the soul of the master, is content that others may flatter themselves that a daub or a tune is painting and music, as for them it is: so one who hears a poetic voice speaking from the very soul of living nature envies not those who beguile themselves with the faintest echoes.

There must have been something very noble in the mind of Wordsworth who, though not a Catholic, could write these lines on the Blessed Virgin:

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed,  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
Woman! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak, strewn  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,  
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
As to a visible power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

We find in him the stirring, clear voice of a man of character, it rings out in firm tones which pierce into the heart, and we say this man's thought is true, and since I should love God's nature so well, I should love and serve Nature's God the better. Familiarity with his thoughts

will give to them a significance that ever grows deeper,  
and will find them endowed with unsuspected beauty.

## TO A SKYLARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!

For thy song, Lark, is strong;

Up with me, up with me into the clouds!

Singing, singing,

With all the heavens about thee ringing;

Lift me, guide me, till I find

That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,

And to-day my heart is weary;

Had I now the wings of a fairy,

Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine

In that song of thine;

Up with me, up with me, high and high,

To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning

Thou art laughing and scorning;

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest;

And, though little troubled with sloth,

Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveler as I.

Happy, happy liver!

With a soul as strong as a mountain river,

Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,

Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,

Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;

But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,

As full of gladness and as free as heaven,

I, with my fate contented, will plod on,

And hope for higher raptures when life's day is done.



## INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

## I.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Appareled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it has been of yore;—  
Turn whereso'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

## II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose,—  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound,  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday :—  
     Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
     Thou happy shepherd boy!

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
     Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
     While the earth herself is adorning,  
     This sweet May morning;  
 And the children are pulling,  
     On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
     — But there's a tree, of many, one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar;  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
     From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

\* \* \* \* \*

## XI.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

**Alfred Tennyson (1810-1892).**

"Tennyson is the most faultless of modern poets in technical execution, but one whose verse is more remarkable for artistic perfection than for dramatic action and inspired fervor. His adroitness surpasses his invention."—Stedman.

Alfred Tennyson, the son of an Anglican clergyman, was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1810. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and he resided for many years at Aldworth, in Sussex, with a summer residence at Farringford on the Isle of Wight. His early productions were not well received, and the poet profiting by the rebuff, buried himself among his books, and for ten years studied laboriously with the view of fitting himself for his chosen career. On his reappearance he soared at once to the highest place in the poetic firmament. In the year 1850 he was appointed Poet Laureate and in 1855 Oxford conferred on him the degree of D. C. L.



ALFRED TENNYSON.



Tennyson was a man of refined tastes, wide culture, profound thought and studious habits; the beauty and purity of his works are but reflections of the character of the man. He died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. The close of his life was in keeping with the thoughts expressed in his last poem, entitled:

## CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea!

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark!

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

Among his finest poems are "The May Queen," "Locksley Hall," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud," "Enoch Arden" and "Idyls of the King." His masterpiece, "Idyls of the King," cost him the labor of twenty years. It is a rendering of the old Arthurian legends into exquisitely musical verse. In this epic of chivalry Tennyson has caught the mediæval spirit; no other poet has written so beautifully of the much-ma-

ligned Middle Ages. "In Memoriam," his most characteristic work, is a lament for the untimely death of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the great historian. His dramas, "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Thomas à Becket," are false to history, and are bitterly hostile to Catholicism.

Tennyson is essentially a lyric poet, a graceful writer, a singer of many sweet melodies; but the beauty there is rather that of the cold mosaic than of "the human face divine," or if it is the beauty of the human countenance, a peaceful or happy soul does not beam through it. In his verse we seem ever to hear a sigh after something that is hopeless, ever a wail for sad days gone by — often most beautifully uttered, yet only a regretful wail with very little of a brightening glimmer of joy to look forward to in life or after it. Sadness is an element of poetry, grief and sorrow go home to the heart of every human being, but not the sadness of despair, not the gloom of endless death. True human sorrow has in it a gleam of hope, but "Tennyson's Calvary has no Easter."

The motive that is lacking in modern literature and in art is faith — a living, energizing faith in the fact that all this unintelligible tangle of the natural world is in very truth working together for good; a faith stronger far than the faint-hearted trust of Tennyson as thus expressed:

"O, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final good of ill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far off — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."



In 1875 Tennyson appeared in a new rôle, that of dramatic poet. "Queen Mary" was received with respectful and general dissatisfaction, a fate that "Harold" shared in 1877. "Becket," with which a theater was opened in New York by the Irving company, was only an accidental success, and the ablest critics deem it a reading, not an acting play. In this play, as in "Queen Mary," Tennyson places the prominent character in a false light, thereby incurring the censure of Catholics.

Some have found in Tennyson many meanings, and remarkable among them is a spiritual meaning, which has met the approbation of Tennyson himself; it becomes therefore for the future a part of the "Idyls." Thus in the Passing of Arthur:

He passes to be king among the dead,  
And after healing of his grievous wound  
He comes again.

This hope is based upon the Christian belief in a resurrection. Being sorely wounded, Arthur commands Sir Bedivere to throw the brand Excalibur into the lake, and then to report what happens. After being twice faithless, through temptation of the riches of the hilt, Bedivere flings Excalibur into the mere, and reports to Arthur:

Then with both hands I flung wheeling him,  
But when I looked again, behold, an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

**John Keats (1795-1821),**— John Keats was a poet of the highest promise, and in his short life contributed many noble compositions to English poetry. He was of lowly origin, weak in health and scantily befriended, yet his

soul thirsted for beauty; and his creed, the substance of his religion, was —

“That first in beauty should be first in might.”

It was his misfortune to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned; and literary disappointment, together with a constitutional tendency to consumption, brought him to an untimely grave. His principal works are “Endymion,” “Hyperion,” “The Eve of St. Agnes,” “Ode on a Grecian Urn” and “Ode to a Nightingale;” these are characterized by a profusion of figurative language, often exquisitely beautiful and luxurious, but sometimes fantastical. After publishing his third volume, he sailed for Italy in 1820, accompanied by his friend, Severn. He established himself at Rome with Severn, but, in spite of the devoted care and kindness of this admirable friend, he died February 23, 1821. John Keats was buried in Rome, and on his gravestone is the inscription which he told his friend to place there:

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk;  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades:  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

**Robert Browning (1812-1889).**—The important facts in the life of this poet are, briefly stated, as follows: He was born in Peckham, a suburb of London, May 7, 1812. His parents were cultured and intelligent, of mixed descent from English, Scottish and German ancestors. His school education was not extensive. He attended private schools until he reached his fourteenth year, and afterward attended a few lectures at University College, London. In 1838 he visited Russia and Italy, and conceived so warm an affection for the latter country that it became his favorite haunt.

September 6, 1846, he married the gifted poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, and the relations which existed between them form almost an ideal of married life. In 1861 Mrs. Browning died, and a few months later Robert Brown-

ing wrote his hymn to death, "Prospice." He died December 12, 1889, and on the last day of the year was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Browning's powers are variously estimated. Many place him next to Tennyson, others, more enthusiastic, reckon him the greatest poet since Shakespeare, while not a few contend that his art is so deficient as almost to exclude him from the circle of poets. His writings are certainly obscure, rugged and unmusical, but original, strong and earnest. Of "Sordello," the story of a soul, it is said that Tennyson found in its six thousand lines but two which were intelligible, and these are not true; they are the first and the last:

Who will may hear Sordello's story told.

Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

In his portraits of priests and monks, Browning rouses repellent instincts in every Catholic heart.

His most popular poems are "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "A Blot on the Scutcheon" and "Pippa Passes."

#### PROSPICE.<sup>1</sup>

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,

---

<sup>1</sup> Prospice means "look forward."



ROBERT BROWNING.



Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
 And bade me creep past.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1809-1861).**—The earliest years of this writer were passed under the happiest influences. She was educated with great care by private tutors, and her gift for learning was so great that it is said she could read Homer in the original at eight years of age. When about fifteen, she was so severely injured by a fall while riding, that she was an invalid for years. One compensation for the comparative seclusion of her life was the acquirement of that wealth of ancient lore which has added to her poetry a classic grace and finish.

Her most important poems are "Aurora Leigh" and "Casa Guidi Windows." The latter is a specimen of the injustice and abuse to which even genius and culture may descend. It is a description of events in Italy during the revolution, and in it she reviles the saintly Pope Pius IX. with all the acrimony of her heart. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which in reality are original, appeal to the most delicate and tender feelings of the soul.

#### THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,  
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is  
 For gift or grace surpassing this —  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep"?



What would we give to our beloved?  
 The hero's heart to be unmoved —  
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep —  
 The senate's shout to patriot's vows —  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
 A little faith, all undisproved —  
 A little dust to overweep —  
 And bitter memories, to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834).**— Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, England, in 1772. His childhood was a strange one; when but three years of age he read the Bible, when but six, he had read "Belisarius," "Philip Quarll" and the "Arabian Nights." He studied at Cambridge, 1791-94, with some interruptions, and left without a degree. He had no ambition and at one time settled upon shoemaking as a means of escaping from school. With Southey and others he formed the project of establishing a communistic society on the Susquehanna River, but this plan was abandoned owing to want of funds. In 1795 he married Sara Fricker, the sister of Southey's wife, and during the first three years of his married life he lived at Keswick, in Cumberland, near the Lakes, where Wordsworth and Southey resided. Hence the appellation of "Lake poets" given to the three distinguished friends.

In 1796, he took opium to allay neuralgic pain, and this laid the foundation of a habit which exerted a baneful influence upon him. In 1806, he became the guest

of Mr. Gilman, a physician of London, with whom he spent the rest of his life.

The literary character of Coleridge resembles some vast unfinished palace; all is beautiful and rich, but nothing is complete: yet the wonderful charm of his conversation, the spell of his enthusiasm, influenced the opinions of some of the finest minds of his time. Few men ever possessed more learning and knowledge than he possessed, and yet how few of his works are in any way worthy of his genius! The poem by which he is best known is "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," a strange narrative in which an air of antiquity harmonizes with the spectral character of the events. The "Ode to Mont Blanc" is one of the most sublime productions of the kind in the English language. His "Lectures" on Shakespeare are unrivaled in their power of giving an insight into the breadth and grasp of Shakespeare's genius. The poem "Christabel" is exquisitely versified, but is in an unfinished condition. Some of his minor poems for their richness of coloring and for their perfect finish can be compared only to the flowers which spring up into loveliness at the touch of nature.

#### ODE TO MONT BLANC.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from Eternity!  
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to my bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer  
 I worshiped the Invisible alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

**George Gordon Byron (1788-1824).**— George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788. His early childhood was spent in alternations of wealth and poverty, until the death of his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron; then he inherited, with the baronial title, large estates and the beautiful residence of Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham. This abbey was originally an Augustinian monastery, founded by Henry II., and granted to John Byron by Henry VIII. at the time of the spoliation of the monasteries.

Byron studied at Harrow and at Oxford, where he became notorious for the irregularities of his conduct. He abandoned England in 1816 and led a life of dissipation on the continent. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents at Cephalonia, and in the following year became the commander-in-chief at Missolonghi. Here he was attacked by a fit of epilepsy and died in 1824. He was buried at Newstead Abbey.

Byron was a great genius, but he was not a great poet. His works contain some majestic descriptions, fine imagery and noble sentiments, but their general tone is misanthropic, irreligious and immoral. His finest poem is "Childe Harold." Among the best of his other works are "The Dream," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Mazeppa," "The Giaour" and "The Siege of Corinth." His longest and most brilliant poem is "Don Juan," but it is unfit to read on account of its coarseness. Even where it



LORD BYRON.



is free from this defect it is imbued with cold and sneering cynicism in regard to all the nobler qualities of human nature.

### CHILDE HAROLD. CANTO III.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
 The margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear  
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill;  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew  
 All silently their tears of love instil.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Thomas Moore (1779-1852).** — Thomas Moore was born in Dublin and was educated at Trinity College, in his native city. Being a Catholic, many of the avenues to public distinction were then closed to him by the invidious laws that oppressed his country and his religion. After distinguishing himself at the University of Dublin, he went to London with the intention of studying law, but he soon began his career as a poet. He first appeared as the translator of the "Odes of Anacreon." This work obtained for him an introduction into fashionable life. His many natural gifts made him a favorite in society; great conversational talents, an agreeable voice and a fair degree of musical skill enabled him to give effect

to his songs. During his entire life he was the spoiled child of popularity.

His "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" is a controversial work which deserves especial notice. In the arrangement and moulding of the matter of this work, we see the workings of a mind eminently active, vigorous and original. His poetical writings consist chiefly of lyrics, the most famous among them being the "Irish Melodies." In 1817 appeared the celebrated Oriental romance, "Lalla Rookh." The prose of the work is inimitably beautiful; the style is sparkling with Oriental gems and perfumed with Oriental spices. The story forms a setting to four poems, "The Veiled Prophet," "The Fire Worshipers," "Paradise and the Peri," and "The Light of the Harem," all of an Eastern character, and the first two to some extent historical.

Moore's excellence consists in the gracefulness of his thoughts and sentiments, and the music of his versification. His great fault is the irreverence and indelicacy of some of his poems. During the last three years of his life he suffered a lingering disease, which gradually enervated his mind and finally reduced him to a state of imbecility. He died in 1852.

#### THOU ART, O GOD!

Thou art, O God! the light and life  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,



And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into Heaven;  
 Those lines that make the sun's decline  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes; —  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)**, the most poetical of poets, was the eldest son of a baronet. At the age of eighteen years his "Defense of Atheism" caused his expulsion from Oxford. He was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, Italy, in 1822. He wrote several dramas, but he is essentially a lyric poet, and as such is unexcelled. "The Skylark," "The Sensitive Plant" and "The Cloud," are unequalled for beauty of language.

#### THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the sea and the streams;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noon-day dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet birds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under;  
And then again I dissolve it in rain;  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;  
It struggles and howls at fits.  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains;  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

**Thomas Campbell** (1777-1844) was distinguished for both prose and poetry. His most important work is "The Pleasure of Hope," in which graceful diction and careful finish are blended with ardent poetical sensibility; but he excels in his lyrics, which are charming in their ideal loveliness and depth of feeling. Among the best of these are "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "Ye Mariners of England."

## HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

**Adelaide Anne Proctor** (1824-1864), daughter of the poet "Barry Cornwall," has won an enduring place in the hearts of all lovers of chaste, refined and tender poetry. In 1851 she became a convert to the Catholic faith and her verse echoes the piety which animated her life. Her works appear in two volumes, entitled "Legends and Lyrics," and "A Chaplet of Verses."

#### THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be  
     A pleasant road;  
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
     Aught of its load;  
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
     Beneath my feet;  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
     Of things too sweet.  
 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:  
     Lead me aright —  
 Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed —  
     Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
     Full radiance here;  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
     Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
     My way to see —  
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
     And follow Thee.  
 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine  
     Like quiet night.  
 Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine  
     Through peace to light.

**Dennis Florence MacCarthy (1818-1882)** was a Catholic poet, distinguished for the graceful tenderness and religious tone of his verse. He is also noted for his translations from Calderon, the Spanish Shakespeare. He excelled in lyric poetry, and published several volumes of poems.

#### SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
     Waiting for the May —  
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
     With the woodbine alternating,  
     Scent the dewy way.  
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
     Waiting for the May —

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
     Longing for the May,—  
 Longing to escape from study  
 To the young face fair and ruddy,  
     And the thousand charms belonging  
     To the summer's day.  
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
     Longing for the May.

\* \* \* \* \*

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
     Waiting for the May—  
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,—  
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings,—  
     Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
     Life still ebbs away;  
 Man is ever weary, weary,  
     Waiting for the May!

**Christina Georgiana Rossetti (1830-1894)**, sister of the poet and artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born in London, December 5, 1830. Her poems are of varying worth, betraying the writer's earnest, impulsive, somewhat inconsiderate nature.

#### WEARY.

I would have gone; God bade me stay;  
     I would have worked; God-bade me rest.  
 He broke my will from day to day;  
     He read my yearnings unexpressed,  
     And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go;  
     Now I would rest; God bids me work.  
 He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro;  
     My soul is vexed with thoughts that lurk,  
     And vex it so!

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;  
     Day after day I plod and moil;  
 But, Christ my God, when will it be  
     That I may let alone my toil,  
     And rest with Thee?

**Robert Southey (1774-1835)** was one of the most prolific writers of the age, yet he is said to have burned in ten years more verses than he published during his whole life. In biography he has not been surpassed. His best works are "Life of Nelson," "Life of Cowper" and

"Life of Wesley." His best poems are "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama."

**John Keble (1792-1866)**, an Anglican clergyman, is best known by his "Christian Year." This is a collection of religious poems adapted to the liturgical services of the year. With Newman and Pusey, Keble had a large share in the Tractarian movement.

**Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)** is widely known through his designs for illustrated works. With Holman Hunt, Millais and others, he founded the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting. As a poet he is associated with a school of latter-day singers. He wrote "The Blessed Damozel," "Mary Magdalene," "The Sea-Limits" and other poems.

**Samuel Rogers (1763-1855)** was a London banker, a poet and a giver of famous breakfasts in his beautiful home in St. James's Place. His principal poems are "The Pleasures of Memory," "Human Life" and "Italy."

**Thomas Davis (1814-1845)** by his poems did more than any other Irishman to unite his people under O'Connell's leadership. The far-famed "Fontenoy," "The Rivers" and "The Lament for the Death of Owen Roe O'Neill," are among his best productions.

**Thomas Hood (1798-1845)** stands in the first rank as a writer of humorous poems, but through his mirth runs a deep vein of melancholy pathos.



## CHAPTER VI.

### JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

**John Henry Newman** was born February 21, 1801. His father was a London banker, his mother was of Huguenot extraction. The boy gave early evidence of great talent and deep religious convictions, and seems to have imbibed strong and bitter prejudices against the Catholic Church. At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, Oxford, and he became a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822. For some time, he was vice-principal of St. Alban Hall, under the distinguished Dr. Whately, and, in 1826, was a tutor of Oriel. From 1828 to 1843, he held the position of vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and, in 1830, was appointed one of the select preachers to the university.

His first important literary work, though he had already sent forth several essays which were favorably received, was a history of "The Arians of the Fourth Century," in 1832. The study and labor required in the preparation of this work seriously undermined his health, and he was persuaded to take a journey to Italy. While in Rome, he held himself aloof from Catholic influences, but he called twice upon Dr. Wiseman, who was at that time rector of the English College in Rome.

In Sicily, he was attacked by a long and dangerous illness. His attendants despaired of his recovery, but he reassured them, saying: "I shall not die. I have not sinned against light." He declared afterward that he



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did not know what he meant by these strange words. On his return voyage he was becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio, and while there he wrote these exquisite lines, which have found an echo and touched the most sacred hidden springs in every heart to which they have become known :

#### THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
     Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home —  
     Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
     Shouldst lead me on!

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
     Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
     Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
     The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The great spiritual reaction in England, known as the Oxford or Tractarian movement, attracted the attention not only of Englishmen, but of the entire world. Among the boldest, and yet in some respects the most conservative of the writers of the famous "Tracts for the Times," was John Henry Newman. Secure as he believed himself to be in the orthodoxy of the Anglican form of belief, he examined fearlessly and candidly all sides of the ques-

tion. Inch by inch he fought his way, and step by step the ground crumbled beneath his feet, until he found himself upon the threshold of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1843 he resigned his position as vicar of St. Mary's, after making a formal retraction of the harsh things he had said against the Church of Rome. On October 9th, in the year 1845, he was received into the Catholic Church, and was confirmed on the Feast of All Saints. After studying for about three years in Rome he was ordained, and was commissioned by Pope Pius IX. to establish the Oratorians, or the order of St. Philip Neri, in England. In looking back upon his influence, both at Oxford and all over the country, we must attribute it not to his talents, nor to his eloquence, nor even to his pure and beautiful religious writings, but to the individuality of honesty, of simplicity with earnestness, which made the man a more potent teacher than the theologian. He was so indubitably honest, so simple-natured and above the smallest prevarication, that when he put pen to paper all Protestants liked to read, because they knew he believed all he said. His influence on the nation was a half-conscious education, leading Protestants to see clearly that a master mind, which was Roman Catholic, could be as childlike in honesty as it was full of faith.

Historian, controversialist, poet, theologian and, indeed, we may venture to add, saint, the late Cardinal Newman was also the first essayist of his time; rivalling in lucidity, in coloring, in depth, those masters whom we have been accustomed to take as models, and perhaps surpassing them in the charm of individuality, that indefinable and rare gift of nature. His language was a faultless instrument, and he played on it as a faultless master. Could anything in oratory be more beautiful

than his sermon on "The Second Spring," which even Lord Macaulay is said to have learned by heart as one of the purest gems in the English language? As to his power as a preacher, Mr. Froude says: "That voice, so keen, so preternaturally sweet, its very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear."

Of the thirty-four volumes published by Cardinal Newman, twelve comprise his "Sermons;" ten are mainly polemical. The others are "Historical Sketches," "Lectures on Universities," "Lectures on the Turks," "Essays on Cicero, Apollonius of Tyana and some of the Fathers of the Third Century," "Loss and Gain," "The Grammar of Assent," and "Verses on Various Occasions," containing the "Dream of Gerontius." In 1864 Canon Kingsley made a most violent attack upon Dr. Newman in the columns of MacMillan's Magazine. This finally drew from the victim his famous "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," one of the most masterly productions in the English language, as it is one of the most interesting, in which the author gives the history of his religious opinions from his earliest recollections and unveils the workings of the religious revolution of 1833, in which he was one of the great leaders.

The last sermon preached by Cardinal Newman was on Easter Sunday, 1887. His last public utterance was a blessing upon the Catholic Truth Society, whose congress was held in July, 1890. His death was immediately occasioned by a sudden attack of pneumonia. Lamartine says a man can be judged only by his peers; where then shall we find one worthy of the task of analyzing the character of this great man, whose lofty genius, utter disregard of selfish advancement and childlike

docility to the voice of faith combined to form a peerless character?

The "Dream of Gerontius" is one of the most original poems of the century. The saintly poet who wrote this modern gem has now passed into the eternal home for which he lived, and we can now dream of him as saying:

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.  
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;  
Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
I had a dream; yes — some one softly said,  
"He's gone:" and then a sigh went round the room.  
And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.  
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,  
And fainter and more faint the accents come  
As at an ever-widening interval.  
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?  
This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something, too, of sternness and of pain,  
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring  
By a strange introversion, and perforce  
I now begin to feed upon myself,  
Because I have naught else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,  
But in the body still; for I possess  
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,  
That each particular organ holds its place  
As heretofore, combining with the rest  
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,



And makes me man; and surely I could move,  
Did I but will it, every part of me.  
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,  
By very trial that I have the power.  
'Tis strange: I cannot stir a hand or foot,  
I cannot make my fingers or my lips  
By mutual pressure witness each to each,  
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke  
Assure myself I have a body still.  
Nor do I know my very attitude,  
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,  
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,  
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.  
Or I or it is rushing on the wings  
Of light or lightning on an onward course,  
And we e'en now are million miles apart.

Then Gerontius becomes aware of evil beings who are hungering after him and is told by his Guardian Angel that:

It is a restless panting of their being;  
Like beasts of prey, who caged within their bars  
In a deep, hideous purring have their life,  
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

The dream virtually ends with this passionate expression of heart-rending anguish and heart-healing hope:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
    There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
    Told out for me;  
There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
    Lone, not forlorn —  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain  
    Until the morn.

There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,  
Which ne'er can cease  
To throb and pine and languish, till possess  
Of its Sole Peace;

**Nicholas Patrick (Cardinal) Wiseman (1802-1865).**

Nicholas Patrick Wiseman was born in Seville, Spain, and was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. In 1818 he went to Rome as a student of the English College, where he attracted attention by the publication of his first book, "*Horae Syriacae*," a treatise on Oriental languages. He was ordained priest in his twenty-third year, but on account of his extraordinary abilities he was not allowed to return to England at once, but was retained in Rome, filling various positions of great responsibility.

The Papal Bull of 1850 having restored the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, Dr. Wiseman was appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and was created Cardinal. In England intense excitement followed these acts, but the Cardinal by his consummate prudence succeeded in allaying the storm.

His lectures "On the Connection between the Arts of Design and the Art of Production," and "On the Highways of Peaceful Commerce as Being the Highways of Art," show great learning and unusual versatility of mind. His "*Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs*" is a masterpiece of narrative. Brownson says of it: "It is a most charming book, a truly popular work and alike pleasing to the scholar and the general reader. It is the first work of the kind we have read, in any language, in which truly pious and devout sentiment, and the loftiest and richest imagination, are so blended, so fused together, that the one never jars on the other." Among his other

works we may mention "Essays on Various Subjects," "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," sermons, lectures and speeches. His style was polished, sometimes perhaps too florid. He was a profound linguist, a man of great achievements and still greater aims. No man was ever more earnest than he in his devotion to his religion, and his name is indissolubly connected with the re-establishment of Catholicity in England.

#### THE MARTYRDOM OF SEBASTIAN, FROM FABIOLA.

His prayer, till morning, was a gladsome hymn of glory and honor to the King of kings, a joining with the seraph's glowing eyes, and ever-shaking wings, in restless homage. Then when the stars in the bright heavens caught his eyes, he challenged them as wakeful sentinels like himself, to exchange the watchword of Divine praises; and as the night-wind rustled in the leafless trees of the neighboring court of Adonis, he bade its wayward music compose itself, and its rude harping upon the vibrating boughs form softer hymns,—the only ones that earth could utter in its winter night hours.

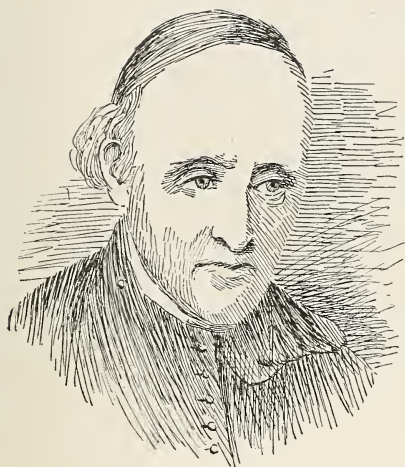
Sebastian was conducted into the court of the palace which separated the quarters of the African archers from his own dwelling. Here he was stripped and bound to a tree while the archers took their stand opposite, cool and collected. It was at best a desolate sort of death. Not a friend, not a sympathizer near; not one fellow-Christian to bear his farewell to the faithful, or to record for them his last accents and the constancy of his end. To stand in the middle of the crowded amphitheater, with a hundred thousand witnesses of Christian constancy, to see the encouraging looks of many, and hear the whispered blessings of a few loving acquaintances, had something cheering and almost inspiring in it; it lent at least the feeble aid of human emotions to the more powerful sustainment of grace. But this dead and silent scene, at dawn of day, shut up in the court of a house; this being with most unfeeling indifference tied up like a truss of hay or a stuffed figure, to be coolly aimed at, according to the tyrant's orders;

this being alone in the midst of a horde of swarthy savages whose very language was strange, uncouth and unintelligible; all this had more the appearance of a piece of cruelty, about to be acted in a gloomy forest by banditti, than open and glorious confession of Christ's name; it looked and felt more like assassination than martyrdom.

But Sebastian cared not for all this. Angels looked over the wall upon him; and the rising sun, which dazzled his eyes, but made him a clearer mark for the bowmen, shone not more brightly on him than did the countenance of the only Witness he cared to have.

The first Moor drew his bow-string to his ear, and an arrow trembled in the flesh of Sebastian. Each chosen marksman followed in turn; and shouts of applause accompanied each hit, so cleverly approaching, yet avoiding, according to the imperial order, every vital part. It was indeed a dreary death; yet this was not the worst. After all, death came not; the golden gates remained unbarred; the martyr in heart was reserved for greater glory even upon earth. His tormentors saw when they had reached their intended measure; they cut the cords that bound him, and Sebastian fell exhausted, and to all appearance dead. Did he lie like a noble warrior, as he now appears in marble under his altar in his own dear church? We at least cannot imagine him as more beautiful. And not only that church do we love, but that ancient chapel which stands in the midst of the ruined Palatine, to mark the spot on which he fell.

**Henry Edward (Cardinal) Manning (1808-1892).** — Henry Edward Manning, the son of a merchant and member of Parliament, was born in London, and was educated at Harrow and at Oxford. He was elected Fellow of Merton College in 1830, and shortly afterward became a clergyman of the Anglican Church. In 1834 he was appointed rector of Lavington, and was promoted to the archdeaconry of Chichester in 1840. He was regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of the Established Church, and for eighteen years faithfully per-



CARDINAL MANNING.



formed the duties of his charge, until the results of the famous Hampden and Gorham controversies<sup>1</sup> led him to doubt the Anglican position. Abandoning all present honors and future dignities, he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and as the death of his wife had left him free, he became a priest. As a Catholic priest he exercised his ministry among the poor of London, until he was appointed, in 1865, to succeed Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster. In 1870 he took an active part in the deliberations of the Vatican Council, and five years later, Pope Pius IX. called him to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

The literary productions of Cardinal Manning are in the form of lectures, sermons and reviews. His principal works are "Lectures on the Four Great Evils of the Day," "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," "The Love of Jesus to Penitents" and "Lectures on the Four-fold Sovereignty of God." These are remarkable for their simple and direct eloquence, broadness of view, closeness of reasoning and clearness and energy of style.

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<sup>1</sup> In 1847 the Crown appointed Dr. Hampden to the Episcopal See of Hereford, notwithstanding the fact that many bishops and other clergymen looked upon him as a heretic and protested against this nomination. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sumner, declared publicly that he was bound to obey the Crown and consecrate Dr. Hampden.

In 1849 Mr. Gorham was nominated to a benefice but was rejected by the bishop on the plea that Mr. Gorham denied baptismal regeneration. An appeal was made to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, which decided that notwithstanding his denial of baptismal regeneration, Mr. Gorham was entitled to act as a clergyman of the Church of England.



## INTO THE LIKENESS OF GOD.

We know that friends who love one another become like to one another; they catch the very tones of each other's voices; they exchange the very look of each other's countenances — features the most dissimilar acquire a strange likeness in expression. So it is with our souls, if we live in the habit of prayer, that is, in conversing or in speaking with God. When Stephen stood before the council, his face shone like the face of an angel. The light of the presence of his Master in heaven fell upon it. And they who live a life of prayer are being ever changed into the likeness of their divine Lord. I do not mean that they are outwardly transformed; I do not mean that there come rays out of their hands or their side, or that there is any resplendent light upon their countenances, but I mean that there is a gentleness, a kindness, a sweetness, an attraction about their life that makes everybody at peace with them. Everybody draws near to them with a tranquil confidence and a rest of heart. We know that with some people, though they are good and just, yet when we approach them, we have a sense of fear; but if a man has in him the likeness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, there is an attraction that goes out from him. The world calls it fascination; but what the world calls fascination is simply this, that in the measure in which men have the likeness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, they draw others to themselves.

**Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).**—Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. In consequence of delicate health in early life, he was placed under the care of his grandfather in Kelso, a spot surrounded with legends, ruins and historic localities. He was afterward sent to the high school and then to the University of Edinburgh, but he was not noted for his scholarship. He was the idol of his school-fellows, who clustered about him, while he extemporized stories innumerable.

His first publication was "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and its success caused him to abandon the



SIR WALTER SCOTT.



profession of law and devote himself to literature. In 1805 "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby" and "The Lord of the Isles" followed in rapid succession and were received with enthusiasm. With "Rokeby" the popularity of his poetry declined; this may have been due to the rising glory of Byron's genius.

The first of the inimitable "Waverley Novels" appeared anonymously in 1814. For seventeen years he worked with inconceivable industry, and produced his long series of novels. In 1820 he received from George IV. the title of baronet, and at the same time immense profits accruing from his publications enabled him to possess what he had long desired, a baronial estate. The farm of Clarty-Hole on the Tweed became the famous Abbotsford, where Sir Walter entertained in princely fashion his hosts of distinguished visitors.

In 1831 a stroke of paralysis so shattered his mental powers that repose became a necessity. Partially recovering, he traveled on the continent and on his return died at Abbotsford, in 1832.

#### FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE. CANTO III.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast and reviled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share

Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there.  
The murky cavern's heavy air  
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;  
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
Mother, list a suppliant child!  
Ave Maria!

## FROM MARMION. CANTO VI.

Not far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey's camp to ride;  
He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide:  
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whispered in an undertone,  
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—  
The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—  
"Though something I might plain," he said,  
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your King's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:  
"My manors, halls and towers shall still  
Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my King's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone—  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire.

And "This to me!" he said,—  
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;  
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near  
(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee thou'rt defied!  
And if thou said'st I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"  
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
Fierce he broke forth—"And darest thou, then,  
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?  
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—  
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall."

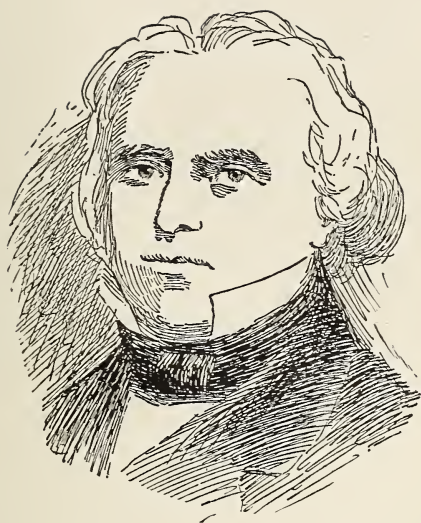
Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need,  
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
Like arrow through the archway sprung,  
The ponderous gate behind him rung:  
To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise;  
Not lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim:

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
He halts, and turn'd, with clenched hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"  
But soon he reined his fury's pace:  
"A royal messenger he came,  
Though most unworthy of the name.—  
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!  
Did ever Knight so foul a deed!  
At first in heart it liked me ill  
When the King praised his clerkly skill.  
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line,  
So swore I, and I swear it still,  
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.  
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood.  
I thought to slay him where he stood.  
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:  
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,  
I warrant him a warrior tried."  
With this his mandate he recalls,  
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

**Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859).**—Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most versatile writer of the century, was born in Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England, in the year 1800. His works, though universally known, bear little indication of his personal qualities, or of his life, which was full of tender domestic affection. His fondness for reading manifested itself when he was but three years old, and as his memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book with which he had been last engaged, his childish conversation was exceedingly droll. While still a mere child he was sent to school to a Mr. Greaves. Mrs. Macaulay explained to her little son





LORD MACAULAY.



that he must now learn to study without the solace of bread and butter, to which he replied: "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter;" but as a matter of fact no one crept more unwillingly to school than he. In 1818 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1821 he was elected to a Craven scholarship, the highest distinction in classics which the university confers. It is somewhat encouraging to find such a character as Macaulay dreading examinations; at school he wrote: "I shall not be able to avoid trembling whether I know my subjects or not." Of mathematics he writes: "Oh for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures!"

Leaving the university he studied law, and suddenly achieved a literary reputation by his celebrated article on Milton, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825. This was the first of a long series of brilliant literary and historical essays contributed to the same periodical. In 1830 he entered Parliament, and was a member of the supreme council in India in 1834-38. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Macaulay.

One of the best traits in Macaulay's character is, that he was just as fond of his sisters' society when he was a great and busy man as he had been before. His articles were read to them and when they criticised anything, he was glad to please them by changing it. They had evidently criticised the article on Mirabeau in one of their letters and he retaliates thus: "I am delighted to find that you like my article on Mirabeau, though I am angry with Margaret for grumbling at my Scriptural allusions, and still more angry with Nancy for denying my insight

into character. It is one of my strong points. If she knew how far I see into hers, she would be ready to hang herself." He delighted in telling them all about his success, the compliments he received, the receptions given in his honor. In describing his reception at Holland House, he writes:

"Fine Morning Scene, the great Entrance of Holland House. Enter Macaulay and two Footmen in Livery.

First Footman.—Sir, may I venture to demand your name?

Macaulay.—Macaulay, and thereto I add M. P.  
And that addition, e'en in these proud halls,  
May well insure the bearer some respect.

Second Footman.—And art thou come to breakfast with our lord?

Macaulay.—I am; for so his hospitable will,  
And hers, the peerless dame ye serve—both bade.

First Footman.—Ascend the stair and thou shalt find,  
On snow-white linen spread, the luscious meal."

But he was not always writing nonsense, although he was delighted to know that his letters were found amusing or interesting. At the time he received the most enthusiastic compliments, his greatest pleasure was to think of the happiness it would impart to his parents and sisters. It was happy for him, he said, that ambition in his mind had been softened into a kind of domestic feeling, and that affection had as much to do as vanity with his wish to distinguish himself. This, he says, he owes to his dear mother, and to the interest she took in his childish successes. From his earliest years the gratification of those he loved was associated with the gratification of his own thirst for fame, until the two became inseparably united in his mind. In 1858 he died suddenly of heart disease and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In descriptive poetry, in criticism, in essay writing, in political papers, in oratory and especially in historical narration, he has shown himself to be a master. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are the best known of his poems. In them he tells the martial stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Capys, with a simplicity and fire that win our hearts. His Essays and his History give him a high place in English classics. His writings are certainly attractive, but they are not safe guides in the appreciation of men and events. His style is thus described by Dean Milman: "Its characteristics were vigor and animation, copiousness, clearness. His copiousness had nothing timid, diffuse, Asiatic; no ornament for the sake of ornament. As to its clearness, one may read a sentence of Macaulay twice to judge of its full force, never to comprehend its meaning. His English was pure, both in idiom and in words, pure to fastidiousness."

#### FROM THE ESSAY ON WARREN HASTINGS.

With all Hastings's faults, and they were neither few nor small, only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of this illustrious accused statesman should have mingled with the dust of his illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of interment was not ill-chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name. On that very spot, probably, fourscore years before, the little Warren, meanly clad and scantily fed, had played with children of plowmen. Even then his young

mind had revolved plans which might be called romantic. Yet, however romantic, it is not likely that they had been so strange as the truth. Not only had the poor orphan retrieved the fallen fortunes of his line; not only had he repurchased the old lands, and rebuilt the old dwelling; he had preserved and extended an empire. He had founded a polity. He had administered government and war with more than the capacity of a Richelieu. He had patronized learning with the judicious liberality of Cosmo. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to his grave, in the fullness of age, in peace, after so many troubles; in honor after so much obloquy.

Those who look upon his character without favor or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of all social virtue, in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy for the sufferings of others, he was deficient. His principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But though we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect, his rare talents for command, for administration and for controversy, his dauntless courage, his honorable poverty, his fervent zeal for the interests of the state, his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.

#### FROM THE ESSAY ON THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not in both Houses of Parliament ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions he had made to repair his errors. But death restored him to his old place in the affections of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great and had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honors, led forth to the Senate House by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of



his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. The few detractors who ventured to murmur were silenced by the indignant clamors of a nation which remembered only the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services of him who was no more. For once all parties were agreed. A public funeral, a public monument, were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. The City of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honored, might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Everything was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over these venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and, from above his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England to be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly reviewed by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

**William Makepeace Thackeray (1812-1863).**—William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta, where his father was employed in the service of the East India Company. When Thackeray was but seven years old he was sent to England to receive his education. He was placed first at the Charterhouse school, and after some time he entered Cambridge. The death of his father left him wealth, and freedom to direct his course of study. He



left the university without taking his degree, and repaired to Rome and to other continental cities, where he studied art successfully. The loss of his fortune obliged him to turn his attention to literature. He wrote for the *London Times* and for other journals and periodicals, but until he became a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* he did not enjoy popularity. Tales, criticism and poetry appeared in great profusion, and were illustrated by the author's own pencil, or, as he wittily said, were "illuminated by the author's own candles." In 1846 appeared "*Vanity Fair*," esteemed by many the masterpiece of Thackeray's productions. As a whole the book is full of quiet sarcasm, but the lesson taught is a good one. There may be details of evil painted almost too plainly, but none painted so as to allure. The greatest of his works in addition to "*Vanity Fair*" are "*Pendennis*," "*Esmond*," "*The Newcomes*," and "*The Virginians*." His lectures "*On the English Humorists*" and "*The Four Georges*" are models of style and criticism.

In 1863 Thackeray died suddenly from effusion of the brain. A monument to his memory has been erected in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The chief characteristic of Thackeray's writings is their pungent sarcasm, which, in nearly every case, he directed against the follies of the higher classes of society. "In a moral point of view his works are open to objection. The fundamental principle which underlies them is the total depravity of human nature, rendering virtue an impossibility, and religious practice a sham. We know that the human power for good was weakened, not destroyed, by the fall of Adam, and that the grace of Christ may yet raise men to the sublimest virtue."



WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



## FROM THE NEWCOMES.

All the time we have been making this sketch, Ethel is standing looking at Clive; and the blushing youth casts down his eyes before hers. Her face assumes a look of arch humor. . . . No wonder that the other May Fair nymphs were afraid of this severe Diana, whose looks were so cold, and whose arrows were so keen.

But those who had no cause to heed Diana's shot or coldness, might admire her beauty; nor could the famous Parisian marble, which Clive said she resembled, be more perfect in form than this young lady. Her hair and eyebrows were jet black (these latter may have been too thick according to some physiognomists, giving rather a stern expression to the eyes, and hence causing those guilty ones to tremble who came under her lash), but her complexion was as dazzlingly fair as Miss Rosey's own, who had a right to these beauties, being a blonde by nature. In Miss Ethel's black hair there was a natural ripple, as when a fresh breeze blows over the *melan hudor*—a ripple such as Roman ladies nineteen hundred years ago, and our own beauties a short time since, endeavored to imitate by art, paper, and, I believe, crumpling irons. Her eyes were gray; her mouth rather large; her teeth as regular and bright as Lady Kew's own; her voice low and sweet; and her smile, when it lighted up her face and eyes, as beautiful as spring sunshine; also they could lighten and flash often, and sometimes, though rarely, rain. As for her figure—but as this tall, slender form is concealed in a simple white muslin robe (of the sort which, I believe, is called *demi-toilette*), in which her fair arms are enveloped, and which is confined at her slim waist by an azure ribbon, and descends to her feet—let us make a respectful bow to that fair image of Youth, Health and Modesty, and fancy it as pretty as we will.

**Charles Dickens (1812-1870).**—Charles Dickens was born at Landport, Portsmouth, in 1812. His early life was passed in extreme poverty; in fact, "David Copperfield," with its descriptions of misery and suffering, may be considered the autobiography of Dickens. He went

to school for two or three years and then became a reporter for some of the London newspapers. In this work he had a broad field for observing the characters and habits of the poorer classes, and he began his "Sketches of Life and Character," which were afterward collected and published as "Sketches by Boz." The book sold well, and its author was asked to write the adventures of a company of sportsmen, this work to be published in monthly parts, illustrated by a comic artist of the day. The first number appeared in 1836, bearing the title of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Its success was unprecedented in English literature and its author became immediately famous. "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop" followed in quick succession, and sustained the writer's reputation. In 1842 Dickens visited the United States, where he was cordially welcomed, for his fame here was as great as in England. This visit furnished him with material for his next two works, "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," in which he keenly satirized some American follies.

In 1850 he took charge of a weekly paper called *Household Words*, and afterward established *All the Year Round*, in which his later works were published in installments. Among his other important works are his charming "Christmas Stories," "Dombey and Son," "Great Expectations" and "Our Mutual Friend." He had begun a new story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," when death overtook him. His vigorous constitution broke down from overwork, and he died suddenly in 1870. "He was certainly a moral writer, and he lauded the household virtues; but there is a higher aspect of morality, one in which Catholic readers are bound to regard every

book which professes to deal with the condition of man; and, so regarded, Dickens's works are as false as any of those of the undisguisedly materialistic writers of the day. He vaunted the nostrums of good fellowship and sentimental tenderness, of human institutions, and the natural virtues, as remedies for sin, sorrow and the weariness of life. Can any writer be quite harmless who leads the mind of his readers so far from every source of spiritual enlightenment?"

#### FROM DAVID COPPERFIELD.

The next domestic trial we went through was the Ordeal of Servants. Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a piquet of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front garden with ignominy. This nerved me to get rid of Mary Anne, who went so mildly, on receipt of wages, that I was surprised, until I found out about the teaspoons, and also about the little sums she had borrowed in my name of the tradespeople without authority. After an interval of Mrs. Kidgerbury—the oldest inhabitant of Kentish Town, I believe, who went out charing, but was too feeble to execute her conceptions of the art—we found another treasure, who was one of the most amiable of women, but who generally made a point of falling either up or down the kitchen stairs with the tray, and almost plunged into the parlor, as into a bath, with the tea-things. The ravages committed by this unfortunate rendering her dismissal necessary, she was succeeded (with intervals of Mrs. Kidgerbury) by a long line of Incapables; terminating in a young person of genteel appearance, who went to Greenwich Fair in Dora's bonnet. After whom I remembered nothing but an average equality of failure.

Everybody we had anything to do with seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out to be tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves. In search of the principle



on which joints ought to be roasted, to be roasted enough, and not too much, I myself referred to the Cookery Book. . . . I could not help wondering in my own mind, as I contemplated the boiled leg of mutton before me, previous to carving it, how it came to pass that our joints of meat were of such extraordinary shapes — and whether our butcher contracted for all the deformed sheep that came into the world; but I kept my reflections to myself.

“My love,” said I to Dora, “what have you got in that dish?”

“Oysters, dear,” said Dora, timidly.

“Was that your thought?” said I, delighted.

“Ye — yes, Doady,” said Dora.

“There never was a happier one!” I exclaimed, laying down the carving-knife and fork. “There is nothing Traddles likes so much!”

“Ye — yes, Doady,” said Dora, “and so I bought a beautiful little barrel of them, and the man said they were very good. But I — I am afraid there’s something the matter with them. They don’t seem right.” Here Dora shook her head, and diamonds twinkled in her eyes.

“They are only opened in both shells,” said I. “Take the top one off, my love.”

“But it won’t come off,” said Dora, trying very hard and looking very much distressed.

“Do you know, Copperfield,” said Traddles, cheerfully, examining the dish, “I think it is in consequence — they are capital oysters, but I think it is in consequence of their never having been opened.”

They never had been opened, and we had no oyster-knives — and couldn’t have used them if we had; so we looked at the oysters and ate the mutton. At least we ate as much of it as was done, and made up with capers. “If I had permitted him, I am satisfied that Traddles would have made a perfect savage of himself and eaten a plateful of raw meat to express enjoyment of the repast; but I would hear of no such immolation on the altar of friendship; and we had a course of bacon instead, there happening, by good fortune, to be cold bacon in the larder.

**Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).** — Thomas Carlyle, a man so versatile in talent that he may be classed among phil-



osophers, or historians, or biographers, or essayists, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. After some preliminary instruction at Annan, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself by his mathematical studies. His education was intended to fit him for the duties of a clergyman in the Scottish Kirk, but he resolved to forego that calling and devote himself to literature.

His first publication was a translation of Legendre's *Geometry* with an original "Essay on Proportion." His translation of Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister*" betrayed a direction of reading which materially influenced his future career. In 1834 he published "*Sartor Resartus*" (*The Patcher Re-patched*), a work which at first aroused much ridicule and rebuke. The underlying idea of the book is that all creeds and institutions are but the garments of social life, and that they are now sadly threadbare. "*The French Revolution, a History*," his ablest work, appeared in 1837, and it produced a profound impression on the public mind. The "*History of Frederick II.*" cost Carlyle fifteen years of labor; it fully displays the author's strong prejudices in every line of thought. His other works are "*Chartism*," "*Past and Present*," "*Hero Worship*," "*Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*," "*Life of Schiller*" and "*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*."

Carlyle is a worshiper of power, whether mental, physical or political; and his chief heroes were Mohammed, Cromwell, Napoleon and Frederick the Great. Two elements were necessary to constitute the character of his heroes, revolt against authority and success in rebellion. He was very eccentric both in thought and style, having been influenced in both these respects by his study of German literature. He had no sympathy for atheism or

fanaticism, but on the other hand he rejected all divine revelation, and consequently denied the supernatural character of the Christian religion.

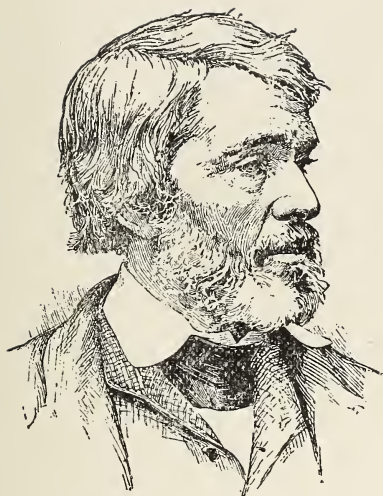
#### FROM THE ESSAY ON BURNS.

Contemplating the sad end of Burns—how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy,—generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him; that, by counsel, true affection and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. But it seems dubious whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help.

Counsel,—which seldom profits any one,—he did not need. In his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well, perhaps, as any man ever did; but the persuasion which would have availed him, lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it.

As to money, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see that any private man could have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men, in any rank of society, can hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without an injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term, no longer exists; it is in reality no longer expected, or recognized as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced “patronage,”—that is, pecuniary to economic furtherance,—to be “twice cursed;” cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus in regard to outward matters, it has become the rule, as, in regard to inward, it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself.

We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however,



THOMAS CARLYLE.



that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; light and heat shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing might have lived and died with fewer pangs. Still we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favor to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the poison-chalice, the Cross, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom—the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and purify it. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where then does it lie? We are forced to answer, with himself: it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes, that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked, but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement,—some want, less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she neglect her masterpiece and darling—the poetic soul! Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay,—if proper wisdom be given him,—even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death, and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves—into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again; nay, it is but the degree, not the kind, of such heroism, that differs in different seasons: for, without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness

—of self-denial in all its forms, no great man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

**Thomas de Quincey (1786-1859).**—Thomas de Quincey, the son of a wealthy merchant, was born in Manchester, England. After the death of his father he was sent to a grammar school at Bath, but ran away in the following year, and after a pedestrian tour in Wales, lived some time in extreme poverty in London. He subsequently studied at Oxford without taking a degree. In 1808 he became acquainted with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and was induced to settle at Grassmere. During his stay at Oxford he contracted the habit of opium-eating. He finally succeeded in conquering it, but only after it had permanently injured his extraordinary mental powers.

His best works are his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and his "Essays." His critical faculty is delicate and subtle, but not always reliable. The exquisite finish of his style and the scholastic vigor of his logic form a combination which is one of the marvels of English literature.

The following passage from De Quincey has relation to the subject of prose rhythm, and is further interesting as being in itself a good illustration of rhythmic prose:

Where, out of Sir Thomas Browne, shall we hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the "Urn-Burial": "Now since these bones have rested quietly in the grave, under the drums and trappings of three conquests," etc. What a melodious ascent as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the poms of the earth and the sanctities of the grave! What a fluctus decumanus of rhetoric! Time expounded not by generations or centuries, but by vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi and Arxacides! And these vast successions of time, distinguished and



figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations — by the drums and trappings rolling overhead, upon the chambers of forgotten dead — the trepidations of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals, the everlasting Sabbaths of the grave!

**Frederick William Faber (1814-1863).**— Frederick William Faber, the son of an Anglican clergyman, was born in Yorkshire, England. He was graduated at Oxford in 1836 and soon after became rector of Elton. In 1835 he won the Newdigate prize for poetry, his subject being the "Knights of St. John." A few years later he published two volumes of poetry called from the opening poems in each, "The Cherwell Water Lily" and "The Styrian Lake." Wordsworth declared that had not Frederick Faber devoted himself so completely to the duties of his ministry, he would have been the poet of the age. But Faber's ambition was not for earthly fame. After years of prayer and study he followed the example of his guide, Dr. Newman, and made his submission to the Catholic Church, whose glory it is that she could equally satisfy the mighty intellect of the one and the sensitive heart of the other. Having been raised to the priesthood, Father Faber joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, lately introduced into England by Dr. Newman.

His principal works are "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," "The Creator and the Creature," "The Foot of the Cross," and "Spiritual Conferences." In these the mysteries, doctrines and devotional practices of Christianity are presented in a manner imaginative, eloquent and full of unction.

The last two years of Father Faber's life were years of continual disease and suffering, but he never lost that serenity of soul and that fascination of manners which in him were characteristic traits.



## THE ONE WANT.

One thing is wanting, one bright thing on earth,  
To fill the cup of life unto the brim,  
The measure and completion of my mirth,  
For lack of which days tarnish and grow dim.

O earth! O world! O life! ye should have bred  
For one like me more sorrow, pain and fears;  
Whereas from you, as from your flowery bed,  
Hath breath, like incense, breathed for all my years.

Why should I blame? Ye do your best; ye give  
What ye can give, and still my heart goes free  
Gay thing! it makes the world in which I live,  
And it is bright, too bright a world for me.

One thing is wanting to me, one bright thing,  
Which being absent, I am poor indeed; —  
It is my mother's life to be a spring  
Of a more virtuous gladness which I need.

I have been happy and am happy now,  
Yet do I crave the most when happiest,  
For the cold sense of my one want doth grow  
In the proportion wherein I am blest.

At the dread altar, when I might lose sight  
Of my unworthiness amid the stir  
Of high and swelling thoughts, it is a blight  
To pride, that I can be not priest to her.

In the rare woods when I've given birth  
To songs her memory would have loved to treasure,  
That she is absent mars the rising mirth,  
Twining my heart to life's sober measure.

When I have walked half giddy on the ledge  
To which men's praise, like tempters, souls will bear —  
The want, the single want, hath been the wedge,  
Cleaving my soul for Heaven to enter there.

**Charles Lamb (1775-1834).**— Charles Lamb, though not a popular writer, will always remain a favorite with readers of culture. The recurring insanity of his sister, whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, imparted a melancholy to his writings even where they seem to abound in good humor. The brother and sister shared in the authorship and publication of some works for children — “Tales from Shakespeare,” “Mrs. Leicester’s School,” “The Adventures of Ulysses” and “Poetry for Children.”

Lamb contributed a series of essays to the *London Magazine*, and to these desultory compositions he owes his fame. In these “Essays of Elia,” we find delicacy of feeling, quaint humor and a subtle and peculiar charm of style. In his poems, as, for instance, the “Old Familiar Faces,” and his few but beautiful sonnets, we find a marked tenderness of fancy, the simplicity of the child and the learning of the scholar. Excellent as are his writings they are but a pale reflex of his powers of conversation.

#### OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me; I must not see her —  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

**George Eliot (1820-1830).**—"George Eliot" (Mary Ann Evans, Mrs. Cross), the greatest female novelist that England has produced, was born at Asbury Farm, Warwickshire, England. Her childhood seems to have been rather serene than otherwise, and as she grew into womanhood, unusual love and veneration marked her relations to her widowed father, the prototype of Adam Bede. She was carefully educated, receiving a special training in Latin, French and English composition. In her early years she was a Christian, but unfortunately she imbibed the ideas of agnosticism and her works reflect the doctrines with which her mind was imbued. A vein of sadness underlies all her writings, not on account of any personal sorrow, but from her perception of the ills that affect mankind. A code of morals from which God is excluded and, with Him, the hope of another life, is indeed a feeble help to the weakness of mankind.

Her most important works are "Scenes of Clerical Life," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Adam Bede," "Romola," "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deron-



CHARLES LAMP



da." In dramatic force, in variety of types, in life-like blending of pathos and humor, these novels surpass anything else in English fiction. In them, development of character, not intricacy of plot, is the motive.

A sudden illness closed her life in the year 1880.

#### FROM THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

There is something sustaining in the very agitation that accompanies the first shocks of trouble, just as an acute pain is often a stimulus, and produces an excitement which is transient strength. It is in the slow, changed life that follows—in the time when sorrow has become stale, and has no longer an emotive intensity that counteracts its pain—in the time when day follows day in unexpectant sameness, and trial is a dreary routine;—it is then that despair threatens: it is then that the peremptory hunger of the soul is felt, and eye and ear are strained after some unlearned secret of our existence, which shall give to endurance the nature of satisfaction.

\* \* \* \* \*

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it,—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same red-breasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

The wood I walk in on this mild May-day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibers within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedge-rows—such things as these are the mother-tongue of our imagination, the

language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.

**Kathleen O'Meara** (1839-1888) was a gifted Irish lady, who for many years made her home in Paris, and who was highly esteemed by some of the most distinguished men and women in France and England. About her writings there is a fascination, and whether her fertile pen evoked shadowy beings of fiction, or limned the features of a saint, or recorded the varying shades of Parisian society—it is all told with an indescribable charm. Throughout her novels, “Mabel Stanhope,” “Iza’s Story,” “Diane Coryval,” “The Old House in Picardy” and “Narka,” a wholesome spirit prevails. She wrote also a “Life of Thomas Grant,” “Frederic Ozanam, His Life and Works,” and charming sketches of Pere Lacordaire, Sister Rosalie and Madame Swetchine.

**Alice Thompson Meynell** is the sister of Lady Elizabeth Butler, who painted the famous “Roll Call.” Maurice Egan styles Mrs. Meynell “the sweetest and most artistic, if not the greatest, of all woman poets.” Coventry Patmore says that he regarded Mrs. Meynell “as the first woman of genius who combined the delicacy of a feminine with the intellectual force of a masculine mind.” This commendation will lend interest to the two little volumes of essays which she has published under the titles of “The Rhythm of Life,” and “The Colour of Life.”

Her verse is real poetry, both in thought and ex-



pression, the best individual poems being "Letter from the Girl to Her Old Age," "To a Daisy" and "San Lorenzo's Mother." The poem, "San Lorenzo's Mother," is a story of a mother whose son has become a Franciscan friar. One day a brother of the order visits her for alms. Years have passed since she saw her son; she thinks this visitor is he, but she is not sure. She says:

I had not seen my son's dear face  
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)  
    Since it had come to full flower-time.  
    I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,  
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears  
When on a day in many years  
    One of his order came. I thrilled.  
    Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled,  
I doubted for my mist of tears.

His blessing be with me forever!  
My hope and doubt were hard to sever,  
    That altered face, those holy weeds,  
    I filled his wallet, and kissed his beads,  
And lost his echoing feet forever.

If to my son my alms were given  
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.  
    He did not plead for child of mine,  
    But for another Child Divine,  
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;  
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;  
    And all I give is given to One,  
    I might mistake my dearest son,  
But never the Son who cannot change.

Adelaide Proctor is more direct than Mrs. Meynell, The difference between Miss Proctor's verse and that of Mrs. Meynell is that which exists between Longfellow and the more misty verses of younger poets. From the purely literary standpoint, Miss Proctor would be called less of a poet than Mrs. Meynell, as Longfellow would be in comparison with Shelley. But, to find the true poet, one must not consider his verse entirely from the literary point of view.

**Richard Lalor Sheil (1793-1851).** — Richard Lalor Sheil won celebrity by his political and patriotic speeches. His graphic "Sketches of the Irish Bar," and his dramas, "Adelaide," "The Apostate" and "Evadne," will give him a lasting place in literature. As an example of his style we quote an extract from his speech on the death of Frederick Augustus, the Duke of York.

The pomp of death will for a few nights fill the gilded apartment in which his body will lie in state. He will be laid in a winding-sheet fringed with silver and with gold; he will be inclosed in spicy wood; and his illustrious descent and his withered hopes will be inscribed upon his glittering coffin. The bell of St. Paul's will toll, and London, rich, luxurious, Babylonian London, will start at the recollection that even kings must die. The day of his solemn obsequies will arrive, the gorgeous procession will go forth in its funereal glory, the ancient chapel of Windsor Castle will be thrown open and its aisles will be thronged with the array of kindred royalty, the emblazoned windows will be illuminated, the notes of holy melody will arise, the beautiful service of the dead will be repeated by the heads of the Church of which he will be the cold and senseless champion, the vaults of the dead will be unclosed, the nobles and the ladies and the high priests of the land will look down into those deep depositories of the ambition and the vanities of the world. They will behold the heir to a great empire taking possession, not of the palace

which was raised at such an enormous and unavailing cost, but of that "house which lasts till doomsday." The torches will fade in the open daylight, the multitude of the great will gradually disperse, the business and the pursuits and the frivolities of life will be resumed, and the heir to the three kingdoms will in a week be forgotten! We, too, shall forget; but let us before we forget, forgive him!

**Dr. John Lingard (1771-1851)** was born in Winchester, England, of Catholic parentage. He studied at Douay until the terrors of the French Revolution forced him to return to his native country. He completed his course of theology in England, and was ordained priest in April, 1795. His reputation as a historian rests upon his great work, the "History of England from the Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary." The *Edinburgh Review* says of Dr. Lingard: "His style is nervous and concise and never enfeebled by useless epithets or encumbered with redundant, unmeaning phrases. His narrative has a freshness of character, a stamp of originality not to be found in any general history of England in common use." Cardinal Wiseman says: "When Hume shall have fairly taken his place among the classical writers of our tongue, and Macaulay shall have been transferred to the shelves of romancers and poets, and each shall have thus received his due meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous as the only impartial historian of our country."

**Henry Hallam (1778-1859)** is the author of the "History of the Middle Ages," "Constitutional History of England" and "Introduction to the Literature of England in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," any one of which is sufficient to confer literary immortality upon him. These works display a vigorous

spirit of inquiry and criticism, but they are frequently disfigured by an involuntary prejudice against Catholicity.

**George Grote (1794-1871)** wrote the "History of Greece," "Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates." His "History of Greece" is the best ever published.

**Thomas William M. Marshall (1815-1877)**, at one time an Anglican clergyman, deserves an eminent place among the wittiest English writers. In the preparation of his first work, "Notes on Episcopacy," his researches and reflections having convinced him of the "utter humanism and senseless contradictions of the Anglican religion," he left it in 1845, and was received into the church by Cardinal Wiseman. "To give up at thirty years of age, just married, with no private fortune, the profession of clergyman in the Church of England to become a Catholic layman was an act not only of remarkable honesty, but of superhuman courage." His principal works are "Christian Missions," "The Comedy of Convocation," which was pronounced the best satire since the time of Swift, "Our Protestant Contemporaries," "Sketch of the Reformation" and "My Clerical Friends."

**Kenelm Digby (1800-1880)**, a convert to the Catholic Church, wrote "More's Catholici" (Ages of Faith), which Hallam, the historian, declared to be delightful reading; "The Broad Stone of Honor," a treatise on Christian chivalry, and "Evenings on the Thames."

**Walter Savage Landor (1776-1864)** ranks among the best essayists of his time. His prose, though strictly prosaic in form, was more imaginative than were the verses of other men. In his "Imaginary Conversations," the work upon which his fame rests, he portrays in a marvelously vivid manner the thoughts and views of famous personages who lived in Rome and Greece centuries ago.

**Leigh Hunt (1784-1859)** was a genial poet and critic, author of "Rimini," "A Legend of Florence," "The Palfrey" and collections of "Essays."

**Sir Edward George Bulwer Lytton (1805-1873)**, when but twenty years of age, won the Cambridge Chancellor's prize by his poem on "Sculpture," but his eminence as a man of letters was attained in prose. His principal novels are "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Harold" and "The Last of the Barons."

**Jane Austen (1775-1817)** was a successful novelist whose skill in clothing commonplace things with a mantle of interest has never been surpassed. She wrote "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," "Mansfield Park," "Northanger Abbey," "Emma" and "Persuasion."

**Samuel Lover (1797-1868)** wrote songs and novels descriptive of Irish life; their prevailing characteristic is a wholesome humor. His best novels are "Handy Andy," "Rory O'More" and "Treasure Trove."

**Charles Lever (1806-1870)** was a popular novelist who won fame by his delineations of Irish life and character. He wrote "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke" and other novels.

**Charlotte Bronte (1816-1855)** was the literary forerunner of George Eliot. She distinguished herself as a novelist by her skill in portraying tragic characters, powerfully delineating the realities which society ignored. All her works were written in the stress of mental suffering, and her materials were taken from her limited experience. Her best works are "Jane Eyre," "Shirley" and "Villette."

**Anthony Trollope** (1815-1882) was a prolific novelist. He wrote "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," "La Vendee" and many others.

**Lady Georgiana Fullerton** (1814-1885) wrote many novels which are all productive of good. "Lady Bird" was written after her conversion to Catholicity. It describes her religious struggles. Her other works are "Ellen Middleton," "Grantley Manor," "Constance Sherwood," "A Stormy Life" and "Mrs. Gerald's Niece."

**Dinah Maria Muloch** (Mrs. Craik) (1826-1877) wrote many excellent novels, among which are "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Brave Lady," "Woman's Kingdom," "The Ogilvies" and "King Arthur."

**Charles Kingsley** (1819-1875), a clergyman of the Church of England, wrote many novels; among them are "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" "Two Years Ago" and "Alton Locke."

**Henry Hart Milman** (1791-1868), dean of St. Paul's, London, wrote "The History of the Jews," "The History of Christianity," "The Martyr of Antioch," "The Fall of Jerusalem," "Belshazzar" and "Fazio, a Tragedy."

**Thomas D'Arcy McGee** (1826-1868) was the author of "The History of Ireland," which possesses the merits of impartiality and accuracy.

**Sidney Smith** (1771-1845), a clergyman of the Church of England, and one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, contributed to it many brilliant essays on politics, literature and philosophy. His "Letters of Peter Plymley" helped to restore the political and social rights of his Catholic fellow-subjects. It is to be regretted that the author in these letters unfairly assails the religious doctrines of Catholics.



# AMERICAN LITERATURE.

## CHAPTER VII.

### COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS (1640-1830).

The colonial period of our history was most unfavorable to the production of literature. The colonists lived in small villages, scattered along a thousand miles of sea-coast, and were engaged in a constant struggle for existence. They had no special impulse to literary work, nor was there any apparent need of a native literature, since books in their own language were supplied in abundance. The intellectual manifestations of this period were nearly all of a theological character, for with the Puritans, religion was the ruling passion, and all things else they regarded as useless. Catholics at this time found no more toleration in the New World than they had enjoyed at home. For two brief periods they rose to power, once in Maryland under Lord Baltimore, and once in New York during the reign of James II., the last Catholic King of England. In both of these periods the adherents of all creeds were permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

The revolutionary period was equally unfavorable to authorship. During the years of active warfare few men could be spared for the pursuit of literature, and when the war was over, the land was desolate and the people had to toil for their daily bread. Literature does not thrive without leisure and quiet, and these essentials were



sadly needed throughout the revolutionary period. American literature may be said to have begun in 1640, the year in which the first book was printed in this country. This was the "Bay Psalm Book," which came from the printing press of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The earliest specimens of our literature are marked by rudeness of diction and servile imitation of English models.

**George Sandys (1577-1643)** held the post of treasurer in the colony of Virginia. While residing upon the banks of the James River, he made a pleasing translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," which was printed in London in 1626. Like Sir John Mandeville, the first English prose writer, Sandys was a distinguished traveler, and his works describing the countries of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land enjoyed great popularity.

**Roger Williams (1606-1683)** was a distinguished champion of civil and religious liberty in this country. He founded the city of Providence as a haven of religious liberty, and was not to be diverted either by threats or by flattery from what he believed to be his duty. The most famous of his writings bears the title "The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience."

**James Otis (1724-1783)** was a scholarly lawyer and an uncompromising foe to arbitrary British rule in America. In 1761 he delivered his famous speech against the "writs of assistance." Of this speech President Adams said: "Otis's eloquence was a flame of fire. He swept all before him. American independence was then and there born." His principal political writings are "The Rights of the British Colonists Asserted and Proved" and "A Vindication of the British Colonists." The last

years of his life were spent at Andover, where in 1783 he was struck by lightning and died instantly.

**Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790)**, a scientist, statesman and philosopher, rose from the humblest rank in life to the most honorable position the nation could offer. He was taken from school at ten years of age and set at work helping his father, a tallow-chandler. He next became a printer, then a publisher. In 1732 appeared his celebrated work, "Poor Richard's Almanac." His theory of the identity of lightning and electricity he established by his famous kite experiment in 1752. He was prominent in all movements for the public welfare, and it was chiefly through his instrumentality that the obnoxious "Stamp Act" was repealed. He was one of those who signed the "Declaration of Independence," he served as Minister Plenipotentiary to France and signed the definitive treaty of peace with Great Britain. His principal works are his "Autobiography," his "Essays" and his "Correspondence."

**Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791)** was celebrated as a judge, a statesman and a prose-writer, but he is best remembered by his Revolutionary ballad, "The Battle of the Kegs."

**Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842)**, the son of Francis Hopkinson, distinguished himself at the bar and was appointed Judge of the United States District Court, an office which he held till his death. In 1798, when party spirit ran high on the side of France or England, then engaged in war, he wrote the popular national song, "Hail Columbia."

**Philip Freneau (1652-1732)** was the first American poet whose verses were much read in England. As editor of the *National Gazette*, he made his name familiar and popular by his political burlesque and invective. His poems are noted for their freshness and originality. One of the most graceful among them is:

## THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

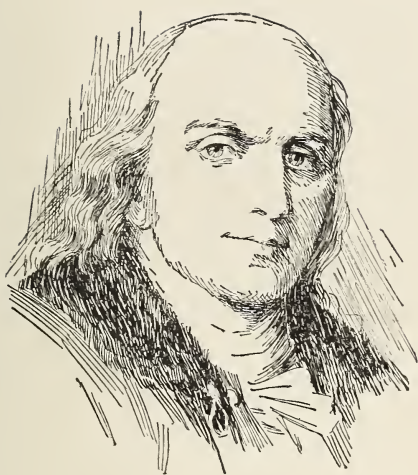
Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent dull retreat,  
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet:  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters running by:  
Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms that must decay,  
I grieve to see your future doom.  
They died,—nor were those flowers more gay,  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitied frosts and Autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came,  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.

**Thomas Jefferson** (1743-1826) is, of all our great men, the truest representative of republican ideas. As a literary man he was the peer of any of his contemporaries, but it is to be regretted that his works are frequently marred by attacks upon Christianity, and especially upon the authority of the Holy Scriptures. He wrote "Notes on the State of Virginia" and a "Parliamentary Manual,"



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



but no literary work could add to the fame won by him as author of the "Declaration of Independence."

**Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804)** was Washington's most confidential aide-de-camp. His published reports as Secretary of the Treasury have given him the reputation of being the best financier of the New World. His essays, published in a volume under the title of "The Federalist," constitute one of the most profound and lucid treatises on politics that have ever been written. His life was terminated by a wound received in a duel with Vice-President Aaron Burr.

**James Madison (1751-1836)**, the fourth President of the United States, was celebrated for his papers in "The Federalist." "To him and to Hamilton," says Judge Story, "I think we are mainly indebted for the Constitution of the United States."

**John Adams (1735-1826)**, the second President of the United States, wrote several important political works, among which are "A Dissertation on Canon and Feudal Law," "A Defense of the Constitution of the United States" and "Discourses on Davila; a series of Papers on American History." Two volumes of "Letters," addressed to his wife, have a permanent place in literature.

**John Marshall (1755-1835)** was for thirty-five years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, an office with which his name is inseparably connected by reason of his learning, intelligence and integrity. Of the public and private worth of this illustrious man it is impossible to speak too highly. His "Life of Washington," in five volumes, is a faithful and interesting narrative.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NATIONAL PERIOD (1830-1895).

This period is called national, because at this time our literature begins to assume a national importance and to show signs of a distinct national life, challenging the attention of the world and showing the results of American thought and culture. In the early years of the century Sydney Smith asked in the *Edinburgh Review*: "Who reads an American book?" The change which time has made in this condition of affairs is best shown by the remark of the London *Athenaeum* in 1880: "An American book has nearly always something fresh and striking about it to English readers." It is true that American writers can now compare favorably with the great ones of English literature, but it is to be regretted that much of American literature is disfigured by an anti-Catholic or materialistic spirit.

#### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).

"His chief qualities are a gentle soothing power to hearts in trouble or not hopeful, a real Catholic spirit with a hold on the unseen but real world, as real as the world that we see, a spirit that is the basis of true art, and a deep soul-moving pathos."—O'Connor.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, at Portland, Maine. His mother was a descendant of the John Alden he celebrates in his "Courtship of Miles Standish;" his father was the Hon. Stephen Longfellow. At the age of fourteen years he entered Bowdoin



College, and with Hawthorne and others was graduated in the celebrated class of 1825. The success of his college career may be inferred from the fact that on graduating he was invited to the chair of modern languages and literature in his alma mater. In order the better to prepare for this appointment he spent some years in traveling through France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland and England, and the effects of this visit were manifold. It broadened his views, strengthened his self-confidence, and supplied him with poetical themes. Imbibing the spirit of the countries in which he dwelt, he blended the tenderness of the Germans, the passion of the Spanish and the vivacity of the French with the coldness and deliberation of the English; but over all predominated the rich and tender feeling, the sympathy and charity of the sweet poet's soul.

On his return from a second visit to Europe he bought the old Craigie House in Cambridge, Mass., and in this quaint, old wooden house, which had been occupied by Washington when he took command of the army in 1776, the poet dwelt for nearly a quarter of a century, and here he died. His highest ambition was to be a worthy man, and, through sympathy and love, to help others to live, and life to him meant more than mere existence. His beautiful character was mirrored in all he wrote, and the attentive reader knew him well. In the whole range of his writings there is nothing that, dying, he could wish to recall; few authors have left a more honorable record.

Critics differ in their estimate of his rank as a poet. The exalted treasure of celestial thought, the dramatic power of intense passion, the mystic subtlety of refined ideals, he did not claim; nor did he deem himself the peer of the "grand old masters." He did not aim at

enlightening the age in which he lived, and if we look into his poetry for profound psychological analysis, or new insights into nature, we shall be disappointed.

The reputation of Longfellow rests mainly on the exquisite poem "Evangeline," and of his longer poems this is unquestionably the masterpiece. It is an imitation of Goethe's "Herman and Dorothea." The hexameter so long continued occasions a disagreeable cadence, but no other measure could have told the lovely story with such effect. The charm of the poem is without doubt the character of Evangeline, teaching, as it does, that patience and devotedness may, when exercised with religious purity of heart, rise to the scale of heroic virtues. One incident in the poem fixes itself upon the memory with startling reality, for few of us, whatever may be the object of our pursuit, have not felt that at some time we were close to that object and yet missed it. We allude to that passage where, after long travel, the weary wanderers moor their boat by a woody island in the Mississippi, and, resting, slumber. At last Gabriel is approaching —

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

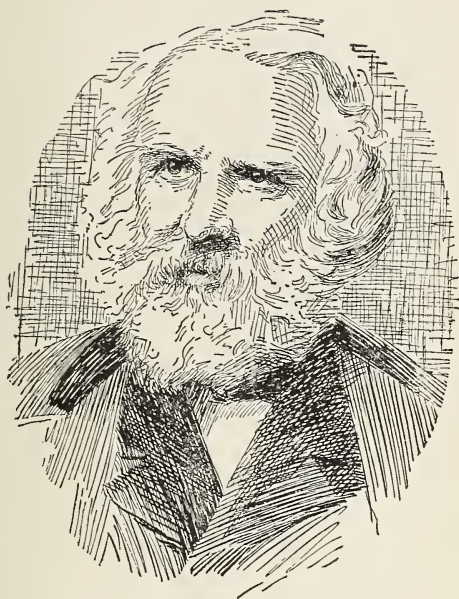
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.



H. W. LONGFELLOW.



But they do not meet. He passes the slumberer without seeing her, and they drift apart again.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and  
her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far  
below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the  
distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but trans-  
figured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.

Another of the author's longer poems is the "Golden Legend," a sketch of Europe during the Middle Ages. It abounds in scenes illustrative of the manners and religion of that time; against one scene we must protest strongly; it accords ill with the following lines, referring to the old illuminator of the Scriptorium and the Abbot Ernestus:

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark! Yet one line more,  
And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
I come again to the name of the Lord!  
Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among men,  
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;  
Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
When it writes the word of mystery!  
Thus have I labored on and on,  
Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
Can it be that from the lips  
Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,  
Came the dreadful Apocalypse!

The Abbot Ernestus speaks thus:

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.  
Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness  
And weariness of life, that makes me ready  
To say to the dead Abbots under us,  
"Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk  
Of evening twilight coming, and have not  
Completed half my task; and so at times  
The thought of my shortcomings in this life  
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

His chosen province was the level of ordinary life and he strikes the chords of human sympathy with delicate tenderness. His subjects are for the most part those that influence by their pathos, and for heroic deeds preserved in legend or history, records of devotion and self-sacrifice and quaint old tales, he had a special fondness.

We name his chief writings in the order in which they appeared before the public: "Coplas de Manrique,"

translated from the Spanish, "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," "Hyperion, a Romance," "Voices of the Night," "Ballads and Other Poems," "Poems on Slavery," "The Spanish Student, a Play," "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems," "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," "Kavanagh," "The Seaside and the Fireside," "The Golden Legend," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "New England Tragedies," "The Divine Tragedy," translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," "Sonnets," "Morituri Salutamus," "Ultima Thule" and "Hermes Trismegistus." England has honored his memory by giving his bust a place in Westminster Abbey.

## MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose looks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.



Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered,  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth;  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
E'en as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

**William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878).**

"The verses of Bryant come as assuredly from the 'well of English undefiled' as the finer compositions of Wordsworth."—  
London Review.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. He was a precocious child, who wrote verses when he was but nine years of age, and in his fifteenth year published a volume of them in Boston. The genius of the young poet was wisely directed by his father, and he laid up a rich store of classical learning while at Williams College. He studied law and practiced for ten years with more than ordinary success.

During his professional studies he did not neglect his poetical talent. When not yet nineteen years old he wrote "Thanatopsis," a short poem of eighty blank verses, but had he written nothing more, this would have embalmed his memory. Bryant abandoned the law in 1825 and edited successfully the *New York Review*, the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*. In 1826 he became connected with the *Evening Post*, a daily paper, and managed it until his death. His prose writings, which he sent to the *Post* in his visits to the Old World, are characterized by neatness, simplicity and purity of style. In one series of communications to his paper he seemed to delight in disparaging the Catholic Church. Apart from his hostility to our faith, he raises the thoughts of his readers to higher literary standards.

In the finish and repose of his writings Bryant is almost unequalled among American writers. He has rendered

substantial services to American prose by refusing to countenance some national offenses against rhetoric — notably those of slang and exaggeration. His clear and exact English is the more to be appreciated when we compare it with the work of other editors.

### TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

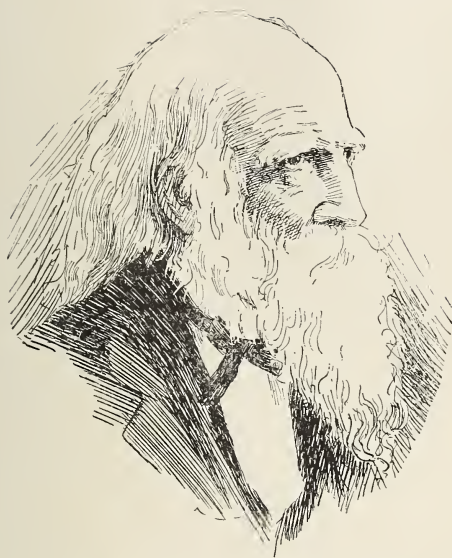
Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood.  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear;  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil:  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads —  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.

**Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894).**

"Holmes, the most cultivated wit, if not the chief humorist, America has ever produced."—Westminster Review.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. After his graduation at Harvard he studied law for one year, but afterward adopted medicine as a profession and went to Europe to study in Paris. After an absence of three years he returned to America and took his degree at Cambridge. For more than one third of a century he filled the position of Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, devoting his leisure to literature.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," his most popular work, was written in 1857 for the opening numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "The Professor at the Break-



fast Table" was followed by "The Poet," and still the interest in the series was undiminished. The wit, satire and sentiment of these papers gained for them immediate popularity. "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" are characteristic novels. His lyrics, such as "Union and Liberty," "Old Ironsides" and "Welcome to the Nations," are among the most spirited in the language, and his humorous poems, "The One-Hoss Shay," "My Aunt" and others, have an irresistible drollery combined with a tender and kindly feeling. His poems written for class reunions and other occasions are among his happiest efforts.

In both his prose and his verse he exhibits a strange blending of the humorous, witty and sentimental, an accurate, though scarcely a profound, knowledge of character, a perfect command of words, and a most genial vigor of expression. Among his poems it is almost impossible to make a choice—they are so much alike and so equally good.

#### FROM THE AUTOCRAT AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow. Proud she may be in the sense of respecting herself; but pride, in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Small-pox and Bankruptcy. She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in a proper measure to all; but, if a woman puts on airs with

her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Better too few words from the woman we love, than too many; while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself. Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn;  
While on my ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought, I hear a voice that sings:

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!”

**Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849).** Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Mass., in 1809. After the death of his parents he was adopted by a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., who gave him excellent opportunities of culture. He attended the University of Virginia, and afterward entered the Academy at West Point, where, incapable of enduring military restraints, he deliberately effected his expulsion. He led a wild and dissipated life, alienating his benefactor and bringing wretchedness upon himself. One of the sad defects of his nature was susceptibility to the influence of liquor; this, with his passion for gambling, his morbid sensitiveness and his melancholy, led him to waste his genius and throw away his life.

His literary record is one of suffering and discouragement, yet no other American writer has won so enduring a fame. His writings are full of mysticism and display an intricate machinery of words with a surfeit of sweet sounds. Of his poems, “The Raven” and “The Bells” are the most remarkable, the first for its rhythmical beauty and unearthly sadness, the second for its perfect adaptation of sound to sense. Among his tales, “The Fall of the House of Usher,” “The Gold Bug,” “The Black Cat,” “The Murders in the Rue Morgue” and “The Purloined Letter” are best, but in all his writings there is nothing exalted or morally invigorating.

As a critic, Poe's standard of excellence was high, but

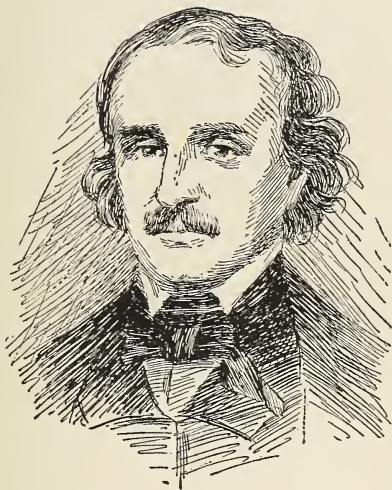
to him Art was not a means to elevate the soul to the Eternal Beauty, it was a something existing for its own sake.

**Fitz Greene Halleck (1795-1867)** was one of America's best poets. He was born in Connecticut, but the greater part of his life was spent in New York, where a statue in Central Park is now erected in his honor. He was for many years confidential adviser of John Jacob Astor. Halleck's poems are few, but are of great excellence. His principal poem, "Marco Bozzaris," is one of the finest heroic odes in the language, and his "Lines on the Death of Drake" are unsurpassed for tender beauty.

#### MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power:  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;  
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranked his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There, had the Persian's thousands stood;  
There, had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
In old Plataea's day:  
And now, they breathed that haunted air,  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and souls to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.



An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke, to die mid flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:  
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike! for your altars and your fires;  
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;  
God, and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;  
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurra,  
And the red field was won;  
They saw in death his eye-lids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death;  
Come to the mother, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
Come when the blessed seals  
Which close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;  
And thou art terrible; the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,



And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.  
 But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

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**Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820)** was the author of two celebrated poems, "The American Flag" and "The Culprit Fay." He was a young poet of brilliant promise, who died at the early age of twenty-five years.

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
 Unfurled her standard to the air,  
 She tore the azure robe of night,  
 And set the stars of glory there;  
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
 The milky baldric of the skies,  
 And striped its pure, celestial white  
 With streakings of the morning light;  
 Then from his mansion in the sun  
 She called her eagle-bearer down,  
 And gave into his mighty hand  
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
 The sign of hope and triumph high!  
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
 And the long line comes gleaming on;  
 (Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet),  
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
 And as his springing steps advance  
 Catch war and vengeance from thy glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabers rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.  
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) was a writer of tender, graceful and heroic verse; his cantata, "From the Hundred-Terraced Height," sung at the opening of the Centennial Exposition, claimed universal attention. His prose works are exquisitely finished, the principal among them being "Science of English Verse," "Tiger-Lilies, a Novel," "Centennial Ode" and "The English Novel and Its Development."

#### BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forsprent, forsprent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forsprent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him;  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.

Out of the woods my Master came  
 Content with Death and Shame.  
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
 From under the trees they drew Him last.  
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him last  
 When out of the woods He came.

**Henry Timrod (1831-1867)** wrote martial lyrics as terse and vehement as a Greek war-cry; but in his idyllic poems, such as "Spring in Carolina," and "Katie," his poetic genius appears in its finest form.

**George Henry Miles (1824-1871)**, a contributor to many reviews and magazines, was remarkable for his Catholic spirit and for the classical beauty of his language. His tragedy of "Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet," obtained a prize of one thousand dollars against a hundred competitors. He is one of the loftiest and best of American Catholic poets.

#### BLIGHT AND BLOOM.

Did we not bury them?  
 All those dead years of ours,  
 All those poor tears of ours,  
 All those pale pleading flowers —  
 Did we not bury them?

Yet in the gloom there,  
 See how they stare at us,  
 Hurling despair at us,  
 Rising to glare at us,  
 Out of the tomb there!

Curse every one of them!  
 Kiss, clasp and token  
 Vows vainly spoken,  
 Hearts bruised and broken —  
 Have we not done with them?

Are we such slaves to them? —  
Down where the river leaps,  
Down where the willow weeps,  
Down where the lily sleeps,  
Dig deeper graves for them.

Must we still stir amid  
Ghosts of our buried youth,  
Gleams of life's morning truth,  
Spices and myrrh, forsooth?  
Seal up the pyramid!

**Reverend Abram J. Ryan (1840-1886)**, the "poet-priest," has written many beautiful poems, unequal in merit, but full of subtle harmonies and strange sweetness. They mirror the fervid feelings of the Southerner, and the pious aspirations of the priest. The most popular are "The Conquered Banner," "Erin's Flag," "The Sword of Robert Lee" and "The Song of the Mystic."

**John Godfrey Saxe (1816-1886)** was one of the best of our humorous poets, quick to see the ludicrous side of things and felicitous in the use of puns and other oddities of speech. He wrote "The Proud Miss McBride," "The Briefless Barrister," "The Flying Dutchman" and "The Masquerade."

**Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879)** was distinguished as a poet and essayist. Among his best poems are "The Buccaneer," a philosophical tale in verse, said to be the most powerful of American compositions, and "The Dying Raven." His Lectures on Shakespeare were deservedly popular.

**Nathaniel P. Willis (1806-1867)** published twenty-seven volumes of poetry and prose. Of his poetry "The Death of Absalom," "Hagar in the Wilderness" and other scriptural poems are the best. Among the best of

his prose works are "Letters from Under a Bridge," "People I Have Met," "Life Here and There" and "Famous Persons and Places."

**Alice Cary (1820-1871) and Phebe Cary (1824-1871)** are the best female poets that America has produced. Their poems are thoughtful, graceful and full of religious feeling. "Pictures from Memory," "Order for a Picture," "The Bridal Veil," "The Poet to the Painter" and "Field Preaching" are some of their best poems.

**John Howard Payne (1792-1852)** won enduring fame by a lyric which contains only twelve lines, but is as widely spread as the English-speaking world—the song "Home, Sweet Home." He also wrote several plays, the principal of which are "Brutus," "Virginius" and "Charles II."

**Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)** won a permanent place in literature by a single composition, "The Star-Spangled Banner." This was written during his short imprisonment by the British during the war of 1812.

## CHAPTER VIII.— (Continued.)

### PROSE WRITERS.

**Daniel Webster**, one of the best orators and statesmen that his country ever produced, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a distinguished soldier and officer in the Revolutionary War. After the war, he moved with his family into what was then the savage wilds of New Hampshire. In a humble house built in the woods on the outskirts of civilization, Daniel Webster was born. During his childhood, he was sickly and delicate, and gave no promise of the robust and vigorous frame which he had in his manhood. It may well be supposed that his early opportunities for education were very scanty. In those days books were scarce and he eagerly read every book he could find. In his Autobiography he says: "I remember that my father brought home from some of the lower towns Pope's *Essay on Man*, published in a sort of pamphlet. I took it, and very soon I could repeat it from beginning to end. We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart."

At the age of fourteen, he was sent to Phillips Academy, in Exeter, New Hampshire, but remained only nine months on account of the poverty of the family. Upon leaving college, he immediately commenced his legal studies, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1805. He was elected to Congress in 1813, and at once took his



place among the solid and eloquent men of the House. He served as United States Representative nine years in all, as Senator eighteen years, and he was three times Secretary of State. In 1852, he retired from public life, and died in his home by the seaside at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 25th of the same year.

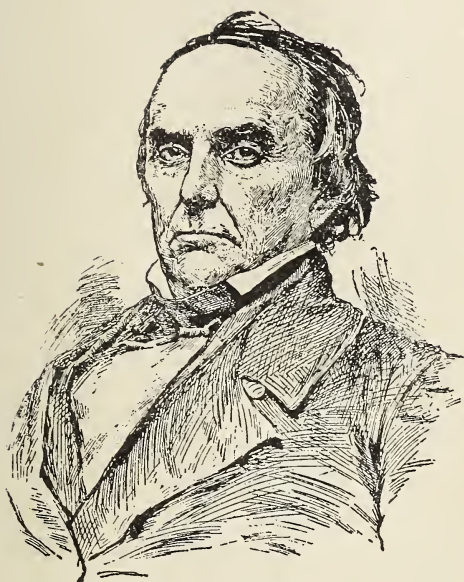
Daniel Webster is universally acknowledged to be the foremost of constitutional lawyers, and of parliamentary debaters, and is without a peer in the highest realms of classic and patriotic oratory. Physically, Webster was a magnificent specimen of manhood. Wherever he went men turned to gaze at him. His face was striking both in form and color. The eyebrow, the eye and the dark and deep socket in which it glowed, were full of power. His smile was beaming and fascinating, lighting up his whole face like a sudden sunrise. His voice was rich, deep and strong, filling the largest space without effort, and when under excitement, rising and swelling into a violence of sound, like the roar of a tempest. His oratory was in perfect keeping with the man, gracious, logical and majestic. He was by nature free, generous and lavish in his manner of living; as a result his private finances were often much embarrassed.

His literary works consist of speeches, forensic arguments and diplomatic papers. Of his orations, three, the "Bunker Hill Monument Discourses," the "Plymouth Rock Discourse" and the "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson," have been declared "the very choicest masterpieces of all ages and all tongues."

#### FROM THE FIRST BUNKER HILL DISCOURSE.

This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from





DANIEL WEBSTER.



the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground, distinguished by their valor, their constancy and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great Continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

But the great event in the history of the Continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

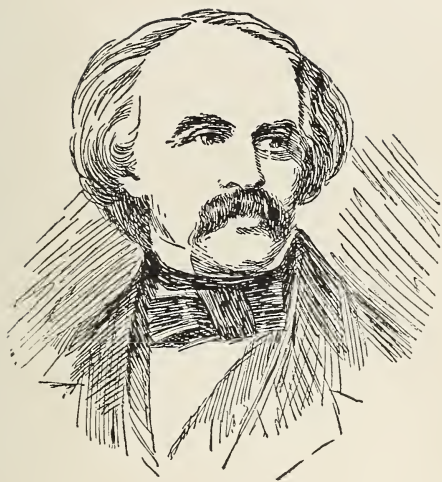
**Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864).**

"As a master of style, Hawthorne is inimitable. No one ever wrote purer English or used words more delicately and powerfully."—Hart.

This greatest of American novelists was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, and was graduated at Bowdoin in 1825 in the class with Longfellow. His life after leaving college was one of seclusion, varied by little communication with anyone but his immediate circle of friends.

His first publication was "Twice Told Tales." This received hearty praise from Longfellow, but it was not cordially welcomed by the public. At this time sociological theories were being tested at Brook Farm; Hawthorne took an active part in the enterprise, but his lack of sympathy with its principles was shown in "The Blithedale Romance." During his residence in the "Old Manse" at Concord, "Mosses from an Old Manse" appeared; this was a collection of papers republished from various magazines. In 1846 he was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem. A graphic picture of the custom-house and its inmates served as an introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," his masterpiece. In keen and subtle analysis, in patient, almost insensible development of plot, as well as in beauty of description, and purity and elegance of diction, it stands alone in American fiction, unapproached except by other works of the same great master.

Hawthorne also wrote "The Marble Faun," "The House of the Seven Gables," "Snow Image" and several volumes for young people. His special characteristics are his power of analyzing and developing the weird and mysterious and of breathing a living soul into everything that he touched with the magic wand of his genius. Unfor-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



tunately there runs through his writings a deep vein of melancholy, amounting almost to hopelessness.

#### FROM THE SCARLET LETTER.

All this while, Hester had been looking steadily at the old man, and was shocked, as well as wonder-smitten, to discern what a change had been wrought upon him within the past seven years. It was not so much that he had grown older; for though the traces of advancing life were visible, he bore his age well, and seemed to retain a wiry vigor and alertness. But the former aspect of an intellectual and studious man, calm and quiet, which was what she had best remembered in him, had altogether vanished, and been succeeded by an eager, searching, almost fierce, yet carefully guarded look. It seemed to be his wish and purpose to mask this expression with a smile; but the latter played him false, and flickered over his visage so derisively, that the spectator could see his blackness all the better for it. Ever and anon, too, there came a glare of red light out of his eyes; as if the old man's soul were on fire, and kept on smoldering duskily within his breast, until, by some casual puff of passion, it was blown into a momentary flame. This he repressed as speedily as possible, and strove to look as if nothing of the kind had happened.

In a word, old Roger Chillingworth was a striking evidence of man's faculty of transforming himself into a devil, if he will only, for a reasonable space of time, undertake a devil's office. This unhappy person had affected such a transformation, by devoting himself, for seven years, to the constant analysis of a heart full of torture, and deriving his enjoyment thence, and adding fuel to those fiery tortures which he analyzed and gloated over.

The scarlet letter burned on Hester Prynne's bosom. Here was another ruin, the responsibility of which came partly home to her.

"What see you in my face," asked the physician, "that you look at it so earnestly?"

"Something that would make me weep, if there were any tears bitter enough for it," answered she. "But let it pass! It is of yonder miserable man that I would speak."



"And what of him?" cried Roger Chillingworth, eagerly, as if he loved the topic, and were glad of an opportunity to discuss it with the only person of whom he could make a confidant. "Not to hide the truth, Mistress Hester, my thoughts happen just now to be busy with the gentleman. So speak freely; and I will make answer."

"When we last spake together," said Hester, "now seven years ago, it was your pleasure to extort a promise of secrecy as touching the former relation between yourself and me. As the life and good fame of yonder man were in your hands, there seemed no choice to me save to be silent, in accordance with your behest. Yet it was not without heavy misgivings that I thus bound myself; for, having cast off all duty toward other human beings, there remained a duty toward him; and something whispered me that I was betraying it, in pledging myself to keep our counsel. Since that day, no man is so near to him as you. You tread behind his every footstep. You are beside him, sleeping and waking. You search his thoughts. You burrow and rankle in his heart! Your clutch is on his life, and you cause him to die daily a living death; and still he knows you not. In permitting this, I have surely acted a false part by the only man to whom the power was left me to be true!"

"What choice had you?" asked Roger Chillingworth. "My finger, pointed at this man, would have hurled him into a dungeon,—thence, peradventure, to the gallows!"

"It had been better so!" said Hester Prynne.

"Yea, woman, thou sayest truly!" cried old Roger Chillingworth, letting the lurid fire of his heart blaze out before her eyes. "Better had he died at once! Never did mortal suffer what this man has suffered. And all, all, in the sight of his worst enemy. He has been conscious of me. He has felt an influence dwelling always upon him like a curse. He knew that no friendly hand was pulling at his heartstrings, and that an eye was looking curiously into him, which sought only evil, and found it. But he knew not that the eye and hand were mine. With the superstition common to his brotherhood, he fancied himself given over to a fiend, to be tortured with frightful dreams, and desperate thoughts, the sting of remorse and despair of pardon; as a foretaste of what awaits him beyond the grave. But it was the constant shadow of my presence!—the closest propinquity of the

man whom he had most vilely wronged!—and who had grown to exist only by this perpetual poison of the direst revenge! Yea, indeed!—he did not err!—there was a fiend at his elbow! A mortal man, with once a human heart, has become a fiend for his especial torment!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Peace, Hester, peace!” replied the old man, with gloomy sternness. “It is not granted me to pardon. I have no such power as thou tellest me of. My old faith, long forgotten, comes back to me, and explains all that we do, and all that we suffer. By thy first step awry thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment, it has all been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a fiend’s office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may! Now go thy ways, and deal as thou wilt with yonder man.”

He waved his hand, and betook himself again to his employment of gathering herbs.

### Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882).

“As Wordsworth’s poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse in our language during the century, so Emerson’s essays are the most important work done in prose.” — Matthew Arnold.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston of an old Puritan family. He was educated at Harvard and became a Unitarian minister in his native city. After three years, finding that he could not hold the same belief as his congregation, he abandoned the ministry, courageously sacrificing his position to his change of convictions. Emerson was, on his own admission, a transcendentalist, or extreme realist, and pantheist. The peculiar quality of his mind has been likened to German mysticism and the visions of the Neo-Platonists, while the Hon. Anson Burlingame declared that “there are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China.”

His principal works are "Essays," "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Lectures and Addresses" and "Poems." His representative men are Plato, the Philosopher; Swedenborg, the Mystic; Montaigne, the Skeptic; Shakespeare, the Poet; Napoleon, the Man of the World, and Goethe, the Writer. It is not as an essayist, poet or philosopher that Emerson will be best remembered; there was something in himself that compelled admiration. He appears to have been a powerful personality, for he certainly influenced many of the finer minds of New England, and no doubt he led a noble and intellectual life. His exquisite æstheticism took away the grossness of the results to which his materialistic philosophy leads. Despite his bad philosophy and want of revealed religion, we discover in his verse and prose an exquisite sense of beauty, which renders his works most enticing and most dangerous.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;  
The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora: if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew;  
But in my simple ignorance suppose

The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

**Orestes A. Brownson (1803-1876).** — Orestes A. Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, in 1803. He was adopted by an aged Puritan couple, who trained him according to their rigid ideas of propriety. He says of himself that, "debarred from all the sports, plays and amusements of children, he had the manners, the tone and tastes of an old man before he was a boy." At an early age he had learned to read, and from his fourteenth year he was obliged to support himself by hard labor. For a short time he studied at an academy in Ballston, N. Y., but it was principally by his own efforts and his constant application to reading, reflecting and writing that he developed his latent genius.

His interesting story, "The Convert," relates his religious wanderings. A Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, a Rationalist and a Socialist, he was everything in turn and satisfied with nothing until he found in the Catholic Church the solution of all his doubts — the solace of all his troubles. Henceforward all the efforts of his pen were devoted to the defense of Catholic principles. Brownson's *Quarterly Review* was founded nearly one year before his conversion; this *Review* he supported almost single-handed during twenty years. The want of a regular course of studies in his youth, the lack of a thorough Catholic training and the necessity of hurrying his articles through the press, made him liable to hasty and crude statements, to inaccuracies and errors, to changes and modifications in his views and opinions. His faith, however, never faltered, and his conduct in regard to the sacraments and practices of the Church was always that of a fervent Catholic.

His principal works are "The American Republic,"

"The Convert," "Charles Elwood," "The Spirit Rapper" and his "Essays."

**John Boyle O'Reilly (1844-1890).** — John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. His father, William David O'Reilly, was the master of the Netterville Institution and was a fine scholar. His mother, Eliza Boyle, was nearly related to Colonel John Allen, famous among the Irish rebels of '98. Young O'Reilly had from his father a thorough scholastic training, while from his mother he inherited poetic genius and a strong passion of patriotism. The circumstances and surroundings of his boyhood were well calculated to inspire in him those yearnings for liberty and devotion to country which seven centuries have shown to be ineradicable in the Irish people.

He is a representative of much that is peculiarly characteristic of our own age and time. His life is a romance stranger than the wildest dreams of fiction. At the age of thirteen he was a student in school at Drogheda, Ireland; at seventeen a stenographer in England; at nineteen a private soldier in the Irish Hussars; at twenty-two lying in a dungeon in Dublin, condemned to death for treason against Great Britain; at twenty-four a nameless convict in a criminal colony in West Australia.

On November 3, 1869, John Boyle O'Reilly landed in the United States penniless. He was only twenty-five years of age, of splendid physique, brilliant and courageous. After spending a short time in Philadelphia and New York he went to Boston and obtained employment on the *Pilot*. In 1873 he published his first volume of poems, "Songs of the Southern Seas." This was followed by "Songs, Legends and Ballads;" "Moondyne," his famous novel; "Statues in the Block and Other



JOHN FOYLE O'REILLY.







Poems;" "In Bohemia;" "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport;" and "Stories and Sketches."

In July, 1870, Mr. O'Reilly became editor of the *Pilot*, and when that paper was sold he became, in connection with Archbishop Williams, part proprietor. He was a frequent contributor to the *Galaxy*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's Magazine*.

On Sunday morning, August 10, 1890, without preliminary illness, in the noontide of life, with promise of a fruitful career, John Boyle O'Reilly was stricken with death. This was caused by an overdose of medicine for insomnia. As a journalist he would have ranked high in any place. His mind was broad, elastic and expansive, and he possessed the ability of acutely feeling the pulse of his constituency and guiding his conduct accordingly. A remarkable fact about him was that his sorrows in dungeon and penal settlement, enough to have broken the heart and hope of many a really strong man, failed to sour or embitter him. These words of his have the true poetic insight:

I Know

That when God gives us clearest light,  
He does not touch our eyes with love, but sorrow.

He made even his dreary experiences in Western Australia yield to him some of the sweetest honey of poesy. Sorrow made him tender and sympathetic with all whose hearts were sad. His pen and voice and purse were always at the service of the poor and oppressed.

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die,  
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,  
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,  
Are laid upon their graves.

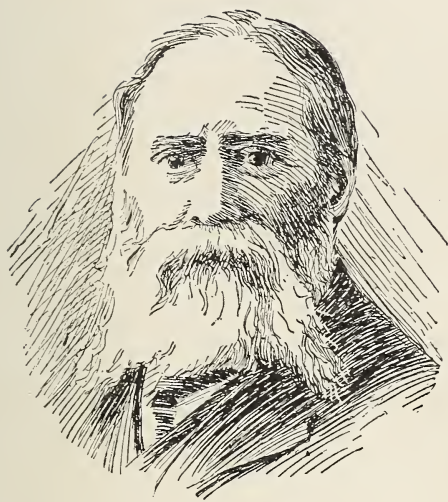
For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love; and love can reach  
From Heaven to earth, the nobler lessons teach,  
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:  
A friend he has whose face will never change —  
A dear communion that will not grow strange;  
The anchor of love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath  
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years;  
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,  
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend;  
With face still radiant with the light of truth,  
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,  
Through twenty years of death.

**James Russell Lowell (1819-1891).**—James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He was educated at Harvard, and for more than twenty years was Professor of Belles Lettres in that institution. It is difficult to do justice to his work in its various departments; his prose lacks the charm of Hawthorne and the neatness of Holmes; in poetry he ranks below Bryant and Whittier. Among his best poems are "The Legend of Britanny," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral" and "Under the Willows." His criticisms under the title of "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows," are his best productions. These display an extensive knowledge and sound judgment and are written in a brilliant and forcible style.



J. RUSSELL LOWELL.



## LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging,  
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful, as Longing?  
The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the Present poor and bare  
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,  
Glow down the wished Ideal,  
And longing moulds in clay what Life  
Carves in the marble Real;  
To let the new life in, we know,  
Desire must ope the portal;—  
Perhaps the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,  
With our poor earthward striving;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living;  
But would we learn that heart's full scope  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,  
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread his ways,  
But when the spirit beckons,—  
That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe'er we fail in action.

## FROM AMONG MY BOOKS.

Dante's ideal of life, the enlightening and strengthening of that native instinct of the soul which leads it to strive backward toward its divine source, may sublimate the senses till each becomes a window for the light of truth and the splendor of God to shine through. In him, as in Calderon, the perpetual presence of imagination not only glorifies the philosophy of life, and the science of theology, but idealizes both in symbols of material beauty. Though Dante's conception of the highest end of man was that he should climb through every phase of human experience to that transcendental and super-sensual region where the true, the good and the beautiful blend, in the white light of God, yet the prism of his imagination forever resolved the way into color again, and he loved to show it also where, entangled and obstructed in matter, it became beautiful once more to the eye of sense. . . .

Complete and harmonious in design as Dante's work is, it is yet no Pagan temple enshrining a type of the human made divine by triumph of corporeal beauty; it is not a private chapel housing a single saint and dedicate to one chosen bloom of Christian piety or devotion; it is truly a cathedral over whose high altar hangs the emblem of suffering, of the divine made human to teach the beauty of adversity, the eternal presence of the spiritual, not overhanging and threatening, but informing and sustaining the material. In this cathedral of Dante's, there are side-chapels as is fit, with altars to all Christian virtues and perfections; but the great impression of its leading thought is that of aspiration forever and ever. . . .

**George Bancroft** (1800-1891), our national historian, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. He was educated at Harvard and afterward studied at Göttingen and Berlin, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1820. His first publications were translations of Schiller, Goethe and other German authors, but his great work is his "History of the United States." Considered purely as a literary work this History ranks high, but from a moral point of view it is objectionable owing to the dan-

gerous theories which it advances in regard to God, mankind and society.

**James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851)** was the first American writer to win a European reputation. His novels are thirty-three in number. The most popular are "The Spy," "The Prairie," "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Pilot." His delineations of border life and character are extremely graphic.

**Bayard Taylor (1825-1878)**, one of the greatest of modern travelers, attained high rank both as a poet and a novelist. His principal poems are "The Poet's Journal," "The Picture of St. John," "Lars" and "Prince Deukalion." Among his novels are "Hannah Thurston," "John Godfrey's Fortunes" and "The Story of Kennet." He also translated Goethe's "Faust." This translation is the more beautiful because he retained the meter as in the original.

**William H. Prescott (1796-1859)** occupies a permanent place among the great historians of the world. His principal works are "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru" and a volume of "Miscellanies."

**John Gilmary Shea, D. D. (1821-1892)**, is a leading authority on the early history of North America. His chief works are "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," "History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes of the United States" and "History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

**Most Reverend Martin John Spalding (1810-1872)**, late Archbishop of Baltimore, one of the most eminent Catholic prelates, wrote "Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions of Kentucky," "History of the Protestant Reformation in All Countries" and "Miscellanea." He



wrote also a series of lectures on the "Evidences of Catholicity" and a "Pastoral on the Dogma of Infallibility."

**Very Reverend Isaac T. Hecker** (1819-1889) was one of the most earnest workers in promoting literary interests among the Catholics of the United States. His chief works are "Questions of the Soul" and its sequel, "Aspirations of the Soul." Father Hecker was the founder of the *Catholic World*, one of the leading Catholic magazines published in America.

**Right Reverend John England, D. D.** (1786-1842) was an able and eloquent divine, a promoter of learning and a friend of every benevolent scheme. His best literary productions are his doctrinal discourses.

**Brother Azarias** (1847-1893) was born in Utica, New York. He entered the Christian Brotherhood in 1863. Besides several articles written for the *Catholic Quarterly* and other periodicals Brother Azarias has published "Development of English Thought," "Aristotle and the Christian Church," "Books and Reading," "Culture of the Spiritual Sense," "On Thinking" and "Psychological Aspects of Education." The style of this gifted writer is remarkable for beauty, ease and clearness.

**Robert Louis Stevenson** (1850-1895, by birth a Scotchman, was one of the most promising and brilliant writers of romance. His principal works are "Treasure Island," the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Kidnapped." In originality, in the conception of action and situation, in the union of bracing and heroic character and adventure, in all that belongs to tale-writing, his gift was exhaustless. He died at the early age of forty-four in Samoa, one of the islands of the Southern Pacific.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WRITERS OF THE PRESENT ERA.

**Edmund Clarence Stedman**, poet and critic, is among the best known and most highly esteemed of living authors. His war lyrics are greatly admired; two of the best are "Fort Sumter" and "Wanted — A Man." It is, however, as a critic that Stedman is best known. His principal works are "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," "The Victorian Poets," "Poets of America" and "The Nature and Elements of Poetry."

**Richard Henry Stoddard** may be regarded to-day as the veteran poet of America. His chief characteristics are elegance of diction and fastidious taste. Among the best of his poems are "The Search for Persephone," "The Flight of Youth," "Hymn to the Sea" and "The King's Bell."

**Father John B. Tabb** is a poet-priest, whose verse is singularly artistic and refined. For delicacy of thought, artistic compensation and the glow of a truly poetic inspiration, Father Tabb is unsurpassed.

**Thomas Bailey Aldrich** is a writer of charming poems. He has given us in prose and verse the following volumes: "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," "Cloth of Gold," "Flower of Gold," "Pampinea," "An Old Town by the Sea" and "Wyndham Towers."

**Charles Warren Stoddard** has the fine touch and keen vision of a poet. His poems are full of the breath and music

of true inspiration. His prose style has been likened to that of Pierre Loti, the eminent French writer. Stoddard has published several works, chief among them being "Hawaiian Life, or Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" and "South Sea Idyls."

**Coventry Patmore** is a writer of verse which is deservedly popular. His principal work is "The Angel in the House," of which Ruskin says: "It is a most finished piece of writing and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet modern domestic feeling." Other poems by Patmore are "Faithful Forever," "The Woodman's Daughter," "Tamertown Church Tower," "The Victories of Love" and "The River."

**James Jeffrey Roche** is one of the brightest journalists in America. His first volume of poems was entitled "Songs and Satires;" a later volume, "Ballads of Blue Waters," recounts the heroic deeds of the American navy. He has also written an excellent life of his chief and co-laborer, John Boyle O'Reilly.

**Walter Lecky** is better known as a critic and novelist than as a poet. His characterizations are admirable, and live in our memory as fellow creatures who have joyed and toiled and wept. He is the author of "Billy Buttons," a novel, and two volumes of essays, "Green Graves in Ireland" and "Down at Caxtons."

**Maurice Francis Egan** is an able critic, and a poet of exquisite taste. He has published two volumes of verse, "Preludes" and "Songs and Sonnets." His best prose works are "Lectures in English Literature," "A Marriage of Reason" and "The Vocation of Edward Conway."

**Paul Hamilton Hayne** was essentially a lyric poet. No American poet has written more lovingly or discrimi-

natingly than he of nature in her ever-varying aspects, and in this allegiance he rivals Wordsworth, writing, too, with a grace that the old lake poet lacks. His best poems are his "War Lyrics," "The Mocking Bird," "October" and "A Dream of the South Wind."

**John James Piatt** is called by Stedman the laureate of prairie and homestead life. He has published seven volumes of verse, "filled with the spirit which broods over furrow and harvest field."

**Joaquin Miller** is known as the poet of the sierras. There is a breadth and a freedom in his work which is a distinctive feature. His principal poems are contained in the volumes entitled "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun-Lands" and "The Ship in the Desert." Of individual poems, "The Isles of the Amazons," "The Arizonian" and "Burns and Byron" are among the best.

**Francis Marion Crawford** holds the first place in the American school of romantic novelists. Crawford studied at Harvard, at Trinity College, Cambridge, at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, and at the University of Rome, thus gaining a world-wide experience. The author's artistic creed is clearly expressed in his "The Novel, What It Is." Crawford's first novel was "Dr. Isaacs," published in 1882; since then "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," "Paul Patoff," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio" and other tales have followed in quick succession.

**Lew Wallace** is the author of "Ben Hur, A Tale of the Christ," the most popular novel written in America during the last quarter of a century. Its graphic pictures of Oriental life are wonderfully well drawn.

**Father John Talbot Smith** is an original and forceful writer of novels, essays and poems. As a writer of fiction,

Father Smith belongs to the analytical school, his novels in every instance having a purpose. His chief works are "Saranac," "Solitary Island," "A Woman of Culture" and "Our Seminaries."

**Father Francis J. Finn, S. J.**, is a writer of incomparable stories for boys. Nothing more wholesome than his writings can be found in literature for young people. Very popular tales are "Percy Wynn," "Tom Playfair," "Mostly Boys" and "The Football Game."

**William Dean Howells** is noted for his accuracy of characterization, great refinement of style and fine touches of humor. His chief works are "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeyings," "The World of Chance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Coast of Bohemia" and "A Traveler from Altruria."

**Edward Everett Hale** is a scholarly lecturer, and an able journalist. As a writer of fiction he is at his best in his short stories. "The Man Without a Country" is regarded as his best work.

**Henry James** is a critic of acknowledged ability. He faithfully records life as he sees it, leaving the reader to draw conclusions from the characters set forth and revealed in the novel. James is said to be the founder of the realistic school in America. His novels deal chiefly with the experiences of Americans in Europe or with those of Europeans in America, hence are designated international novels. He has written "An International Episode," "Daisy Miller," "Tales of Three Cities" and "The Bostonians."

**Edward Eggleston** will long be remembered as being the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," a picture of pioneer life on the Western frontier. Other works by

Eggleston are "The Graysons," "The Circuit Rider," "Tecumseh" and "Brant and Red Jacket."

**John T. Trowbridge** is both poet and novelist. His poems, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," "The Vagabonds" and "Farmer John" are well known. He is a popular writer of stories for boys. "Neighbor Jackwood," "The Bright-Hope Series" and "Coupon Bonds" are all interesting.

**George Washington Cable** writes of the Creoles and Arcadians in Louisiana. His portraiture of the Creoles, while strong and artistic, is frequently false and unjust in its representation. His chief works are "The Grandisimes," "Old Creole Days," "Madame Delphine," "Dr. Sevier" and "John March, Southerner."

**Richard Malcolm Johnston** is called the dean of Southern literature. He depicts life among the Georgia "Crackers," and his tales are marked by a simplicity and truth at once admirable and charming. Colonel Johnston has written "Dukesborough Tales," "Old Mark Langston," "History of English Literature" and "Lectures on the English and Spanish Drama."

**Thomas Nelson Page**, in his "In Old Virginia" and in other works, draws faithfully the portrait of the Old Virginia dandy.

**Joel Chandler Harris**, in "Uncle Remus," sketches the Georgia negro.

**John Esten Cooke**, author of "Stories of the Old Dominion," has written many novels dealing with the life and history of Virginia. Of these, "Surry of Eagle's Nest" is the most popular.

**Mary Noailles Murfree**, or "Charles Egbert Craddock," has taken Tennessee into her special literary keeping, and



has made classic ground of the Great Smoky Mountains. Her characters are boldly drawn, and stand out from the background in all their unique picturesqueness. Miss Murfree's most powerful story is "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains;" other works are "Down the Ravine," "In the Clouds," "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" and "In the Stranger People's Country."

**Helen Hunt Jackson** has written her name immortally into the literature of American. "Ramona" is perhaps the best novel ever produced by an American woman. As a piece of artistic composition it claims the front rank, and so vividly drawn are the pictures of the Mission district of California that it has done much to attract visitors to this section of the country. There is a mysticism about the poetry of Mrs. Jackson that reminds one of the Dial group; as a sonnet writer she has had few equals.

**Frances C. Tiernan** or "Christian Reid," is an eminent novelist and a fine descriptive writer. Her "Land of the Sun, Mexico," is pronounced by competent authority the best work on that subject. The immediate success of "Valerie Aylmer," her first venture as a novelist, encouraged her to pursue her evident vocation as a writer of fiction, and since that first attempt she has written almost constantly. Among her best novels are "Heart of Steel," "Armene," "Carmela" and "After Many Days."

**Katherine E. Conway** is possessed of brilliant faculties of speech and pen, holding her audience spellbound during her readings of essays on religious and literary subjects before social and literary clubs. Miss Conway became connected with the *Boston Pilot* during the time it was edited by the gifted John Boyle O'Reilly, and she is still co-editress under the present management of that paper. She has published two books of poems, "On the Sunrise



Slopes ” and “A Dream of Lilies; ” her prose works are, “ Watchwords of John Boyle O’Reilly ” and “ The Family Sitting Room Series. ” All her literary workmanship bears the impress of scholarship and good taste.

**Eleanor C. Donnelly** has contributed largely to current literature, and has published many volumes of poems. In the spirit and method of her work she has been compared to Adelaide Proctor, but her touch is stronger and her inspiration deeper than that of the gentle English singer. For the last ten years Miss Donnelly has represented Catholic literature on all occasions of national interest wherein women have figured. Her “ Life of Father Barbelin ” won flattering comments, and she has excelled in religious compilations.

**Mary Elizabeth Blake** is singularly happy in her narrative poems — idyls of humble domestic life. Her prose style is clear and picturesque, and this is best seen in her papers on social questions. “ On the Wing, ” the record of a trip to California, and “ A Summer Holiday in Europe, ” are good specimens of Mrs. Blake’s literary work.

**Anna Hanson Dorsey** was one of the pioneers of Catholic fiction in the United States. During a busy life of more than half a century she won popularity by writings that were unvaryingly pure, wholesome and uplifting. Her principal works are “ Palms, ” “ Coaina, ” “ Heiress of Carrigmona ” and “ The Mad Penitent of Todi. ”

**Mary A. Sadlier** belongs to the literary forces that combated when Dr. Brownson, Dr. Huntington, Thomas D’Arcy McGee and J. A. McMaster were in the field. Her work is enduring, and it will continue to live in the hearts and minds of the thousands who have been influenced by its noble spirit and teaching. Her best-known works are “ The Blakes and Flannigans, ” “ The

Confederate Chieftains" and "The Old House by the Boyne."

**Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren** wrote many novels and poems. Her best works are "South Mountain Magic," "A Secret Directory," "A Washington Winter" and "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington." Her poems have found a place in the anthologies of poets.

**Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward** is a writer of prose idyls descriptive of New England life. Her strongest and most finished novel is "A Singular Life." Other works are "Gates Ajar," "Songs of the Silent World" and "The Silent Partner."

**Harriet Prescott Spofford** is both poet and novelist. A collection of her tales, entitled "The Amber Gods," reveals her strength in fiction, while her lyrics are sweet and tender.

**Frances Hodgson Burnett** gained recognition as a writer through her powerful tale, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and later by "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

**Augusta Evans Wilson** is a popular Southern novelist of great originality; author of "Beulah," "Macaria," "St. Elmo" and "Infelice."

#### ESSAYISTS.

His eminence, **Cardinal Gibbons**, is the distinguished writer of "The Faith of Our Fathers," "Our Christian Heritage" and "The Ambassador of Christ"—works which are rich contributions to American letters.

**John Lancaster Spalding**, Bishop of Peoria, a profound and original thinker, is the writer of essays which are the product of a master mind, a ripe and broad scholarship. Collections of these essays are published under the titles of "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," "Means and End of Education."

**Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.,** is a poet, critic and essayist whose writings receive a warm welcome. His poems have won the praise and admiration of Whittier, Holmes and other veterans of the literary art, but it is as a critic that Mr. O'Hagan is best known. His studies in poetry, contributed in the form of papers to various magazines, have brought out prominently his critical judgment. His "Study of Canadian Poets" and "Tennyson's Princess," which appeared during the past years, are two of the ablest papers of their kind.

**Donald G. Mitchell,** "Ik Marvel," is a genial, graceful writer, who will long be remembered by his two charming books, "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." His latest and perhaps his best work is "English Lands, Literature and Kings."

**Josiah Gilbert Holland,** for many years editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, was poet, novelist and essayist. His poems are faulty in construction, but contain many exquisite lines. Some of his best prose works are "Gold Foil," "Lessons in Life," "Plain Talks," "Arthur Bonnicastle" and "Sevenoaks."

**Charles Dudley Warner** holds intellectual kinship with Irving and Holmes. His essays are replete with a genial and pleasant humor; some of the most popular are "My Summer in a Garden," "Back-Log Studies," "My Winter on the Nile" and "Life of Washington Irving."

**Agnes Repplier** has written for the *Century*, *Catholic World* and *Atlantic Monthly*. While hers is a comparatively new name in literary records, yet, in the domain of criticism, it means good judgment, fine literary taste and an exquisite charm of style. She has published "Points of View," "Books and Men," "In Dozy Hours" and other volumes of essays.

**Louise Imogen Guiney** has just published three volumes of verse, "Songs at the Start," "White Sail" and "A Roadside Harp." Strength and restrained energy mark all the poetic work of Miss Guiney.

**Mother Austin Carroll**, of the Sisters of Mercy, is a most gifted woman, who, during her busy life, has published some thirty books. She has written "Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," and has contributed to many periodicals.

**Augusta Theodosia Drane**, or Mother Frances Raphael, O. S. D., has made many important contributions to Catholic literature.

#### HUMOROUS WRITERS.

**Bret Harte** was the originator of dialect poetry in America. This gifted writer portrays well the heart and speech of the common people. His best dialect poem is "The Heathen Chinee;" among his prose sketches are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Tennessee's Partner."

**Eugene Field**, the poet of childhood, was also a dialect poet. From out his great, kindly heart jetted and bubbled tender tides of love and fun and frolic.

James Whitcomb Riley, Will Carleton, John Hay, Irwin Russell, Charles Godfrey Leland, have excelled in this style of writing.

Chief among the humorists are Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Mrs. Partington, Petroleum V. Nasby, Eli Perkins and Orpheus C. Kerr. ,

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